

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability; to every one according to his needs.

VOL. XXXII.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 1.

THE MUSIC OF A WOMAN'S FACE.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

WOMAN'S face in music! Or should it be music in woman's face? Either way. For, whether we watch a beautiful face grow more beautiful under the influence of music, or whether, as we

How few have attempted to do this, and how inadequate in most instances have been the results. Indeed, how little has been done in the way of musical illustration, and how limited is the number of



"ADAGIO APPASSIONATA."

look at a beautiful woman, we seem to hear distant strains of exquisite melody, the effect is the same. The musician who can catch and fix the strain, the artist who can seize and hold on canvas the fleeting moment of melody expressed in feature, is to be envied.

satisfactory pictures relating to music. Perhaps the most famous of the older ones is that of Beethoven, dreaming at his pianoforte while various fantastic shapes float past him in the air. These dream-shapes are supposed to represent pictorially the offspring of his musical genius. There

Copyright, 1901, by COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE COMPANY.

is also a picture representing the "Symphony," a figure floating down from the sky, toward which a band of mermaids half rise out of the waves. This is a poetic and expressive picture.

Then there comes to mind a canvas which is simply a portrait, but oh, how exquisitely musical, and what memories of one of the greatest romantic composers it awakens! I refer to the portrait of the Countess Potocka, whose name is undyingly associated with Chopin, especially with his last hours, when she hovered around him like a ministering angel. No one can gaze on this face without noting the melting, liquid look of love in her eyes, the distant yearning expression of her face. The tragedy of Chopin's early death is mirrored in it. A Chopin nocturne on canvas is this portrait of the Countess Delphine Potocka. The world has long wondered just who she was. As little was known about her as about the painter of her portrait, who failed to sign his work.

Mr. Huneke at last has told us something about her in his life of Chopin. In 1830 three beautiful Polish women came to Nice to pass the winter. They were the daughters of Count Komar, the business manager of the wealthy Count Potocka. They were singularly accomplished; they spoke half the languages of Europe, drew well and sang to perfection. Their loveliness won the hearts of three of the greatest of noblemen. Marie married the Prince de Beauvau-Craon; Delphine be-

came Countess Potocka; and Nathalie, Marchioness Medici Spada. The last-named died young, a victim to her zeal for the cholera-stricken of Rome. The other two sisters went to live in Paris, and became famous for their brilliant elegance. Their sumptuous palaces were thrown open to the most prominent men of genius of their time, and hither came Chopin, to meet not only with the homage due to his genius, but with a tender and sisterly friendship which proved one of the greatest consolations of his life. To the amiable Princess

de Beauvau he dedicated his famous polonaise in F sharp minor, written in the brilliant bravura style for pianists of the first force. To Delphine, Countess Potocka, he dedicated the loveliest of his valse, Op. 64, No. 1, so well transcribed by Joseffy into a study in thirds.

One of the best-known of the Chopin anecdotes relates to her. It is possible not only to draw or paint a picture of a musical subject, but also



MR. PHILIP BOILEAU.

to express in music a concrete object. Rubinstein, for instance, has composed under the title of "Kamenoi-Ostrow," to commemorate a visit to the château of a patron, a series of musical portraits of others who were present there. Chopin had this gift of musical portraiture to a surprising degree.

During the time of his greatest brilliancy, in the year 1835, he once improvised a series of musical portraits in the Potocka salon. After a few portraits had been extemporized, Mme. Delphine Potocka desired to have hers. Chopin drew her shawl from her



"HABANERA."

shoulders, threw it on the keyboard and began to play, implying in this two things: first, that he knew the character of the brilliant queen of fashion so well that by heart and in the dark he was able to depict it; secondly, that this character and this soul were hidden under habits and ornamentations of an elegant worldly life, yet beat through the symbol of elegance and fashion of that day, as the tones of the piano through the shawl.

And why should not something so sensitive and responsive as a woman's face change in sympathy with the varying to-

a woman's face, what a subject for musician, painter or poet! The wonder is that more have not seized upon it.

Through tonality the ground-color is ready-laid which is to pervade the composer's work. It is for him to choose the daylight of a major key or the soft twilight or murky gloom of the minor; to feel whether he wants the earnest, grand matter-of-fact of the natural key, or the happy, fearless, youthful brightness of the key of G, or the soft, luxuriant complaint, yet loving in its sorrow, of A flat.

He knows whether he requires the char-



"ANDANTE RELIGIOSO."

nalities, rhythms and moods of musical expression? Sometimes I think we owe the scale, and, in fact, all tonal progressions and harmonies, to woman—each glance a note; the long, deep, soul-stirring look, the sustained organ point over which hovers the tender treble of a heart's hopes and fears. Have you never looked long into a woman's eyes and noted how, though they never seem to change, yet there are subtle lights and shadows, like those thrilling, enharmonic changes by which music passes through one and the same chord from one key to another? The music of

acter of triumphant praise by two sharps, as in the "Hallelujah Chorus" by Handel, or the Sanctus and Hosanna of Mozart's "Requiem"; or the wild demoniacal defiance of C minor, as in the allegro of the "Freischütz" overture; or the enthusiastic gladness of four sharps, as in the song of Di Piaceor; or the heart-chilling horror of G minor, as in Schubert's "Erl King" and all the "Erl Kings" that I have known. He knows what he is to choose for anxious fears, or lovers' entreaties, or songs of liberty, or dead-marches—or any occasion which lies within the province of music.



"FANTASIE HELLENIQUE."

A change of key is the most powerful engine in the hands of a musician. It is the lifting of a curtain, or the overshadowing of a cloud. It is the coolness of a deep forest after the heat of the plain. It is the sudden hurling from the throne to the dungeon. Every modulation is a sur-

prise, a warning, a tantalizing to the heart. We cannot bear the monotony of one key long, even the most joyful.

The varieties of time, too, are magical in their influence—either a solid matronly figure, of an antique cast, raised on a square pedestal and dealing out the measure of

common time; or a fantastic elf, with high spiral cap, nodding good-humoredly to three-fourths; or a mischievous urchin with wide bright eyes, snapping his fingers or cracking his whip as he hurries on the restless merriment of two-fourths; or a dejected nymph with downcast looks, who trails her heavy robes along to the mournful tread of nine-twelfths.

Observations like these of Lady Eastlake sometimes are ridiculed as attempts to take

seventh has no meaning as such. They know only that they are thrilled with joy or pain. But that tonality and rhythm have secondary meanings to really sensitive listeners is evident to any one who watches the changing expressions on their faces.

Few American painters have sought to fix these permanently on canvas. For music has not played an important part in the inspiration of American art. This is not a reflection on American artists; since



"SCHERZO."

music out of its proper sphere. But such criticism must be left to those who believe in absolute music only as such, and delight in it merely as a combination of sounds. Those, however, who are thrilled by music without knowing even one technical term relating to it will always find its chief charm in the concrete or emotional which it suggests to them. To them the chord of the subdominant or that of the dominant

the number of paintings the world over inspired by music is so small.

There is, however, a young artist of French-American lineage, for some years residing in Baltimore, whose love of music has led him to paint a series of women's heads in which he has depicted the effect of music as mirrored upon the human face. This artist is a son of Baron Boilleau, who married the daughter of the famous Senator

Benton, of Missouri. The artist's name is Philip de Boilleau, but for art purposes he cuts off the "de" and drops one "l."

Mr. Boilleau has this novelty in his method—that he has realized the value of rare, expressive moments in an interesting face, whether or not that face is beautiful in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

It is a fact that a beautiful face is not always so lasting in its inspiration as one which has those peculiar qualities which we express in the words "attractive" and "interesting."

Mr. Boilleau has painted four pictures to which he has given distinctly musical names. These are the "Nocturne," "Adagio Appassionata," "Scherzo" and "Träumerei." But many of his other pictures are so musical in "atmosphere" that, although they may originally have had other titles, musical titles for them readily suggest themselves.

The "Nocturne" is a pastel in amber and golden hues. The face of the girl has the yearning expression which Chopin's exquisite and weirdly tender harmonies evoke.

The "Adagio Appassionata" is a delicately colored face on a background of green and blue waves. Does it not tell the story of "her passion and her pain"? The "Scherzo"—a woman's head thrown far back, showing the full neck and throat, the face lighted up with a laugh—expresses the joyous buoyancy of the gay music after which it is named.



"BLUMENSTÜCK"—AFTER SCHUMANN.



"AVE MARIA."

"*Träumerei*," like the title and like the famous Schumann composition, is dreamy in its expression. The girl's head shows a pale, topaz-like complexion, set off by dark-auburn hair, fading into a violet background. Of what is she dreaming or of whom?

These four paintings form the original musical series. But, as suggested, many of Mr. Boileau's other paintings are no less musical. There is "*The Cigarette Girl*," a monochrome study in pastels of a recumbent girl, tropical in her beauty, looking

up as if some one were approaching—a picture which those who are familiar with languid movements in the music of tropical dances would entitle "*Con Tenerezza*."

Then there is the "*Octoroon*," suggestive of the tropics or semi-tropics, which makes a musical person think of the "*Habanera*." In strong contrast to these full-blooded subjects is a pretty child's portrait, "*Scene from Childhood*" (after Schumann)—the child in white standing out against the sea horizon-line.

"The Vampire," which in these days of program music can very well retain its picture title, shows a somber robed figure with a weird, luminous, flamelike background of orange and scarlet spirals. It is painted to Moore's musical verse:

"I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

One of Mr. Boileau's most important paintings is entitled "Prescience"—three young women peering into the unknown beyond, through which they see the ap-

service of a festival day. The scene is laid upon the gate of the altar of an Old World church, the Monastero Maggiore, in Milan. The two lovely women of pure brows and lips seem to be looking out of the canvas toward the open cathedral door. There, for the time, the golden, beautiful world outside cruelly sways the patient, cloistered souls between the mystery of "what might have been" and the lonely reality of their lives. There is not a touch of grossness in their expression, yet the



"CON TENEREZZA."

proach of death. But it is "Les Adieux" as well as "Prescience," this canvas. Its subdued color-scheme is suggested by the pansy, for there are purples and grays in the dresses and accessories, and there is yellow in the setting sky.

Another of Mr. Boileau's larger canvases was exhibited in New York the winter before last. It is called "De Profundis"—"Andante Religioso" it might be called—and shows two nuns. They are novices of one of the sisterhoods, resting awhile from the work of preparing the church for the

unconscious pleading for the warmth of human love is there.

Mr. Boileau is a Canadian by birth, but his early education was received in New York city. While still a boy he was taken to England, where he had the benefit of a college education.

At San Remo, on the Riviera, he has his summer studio and home. Besides being an artist Mr. Boileau is a musician, and at his home in Italy frequently has as his guests such composers as Mascagni, Puccini and other musicians of note.

The subject of musical painting, the whole idea of trying to express by something as concrete as color and canvas those subtle and evanescent sounds which we call music, brings to mind Wagner's theory that absolute music reached its climax with Beethoven and that thenceforth music, in order to be effective, would have to be allied with other arts. This union he brought about in his music-dramas, which are an alliance of music with the art of

inspired the easel painters, for there are several series of pictures and even sculptures drawn from the inspiration of Wagner's music-dramas.

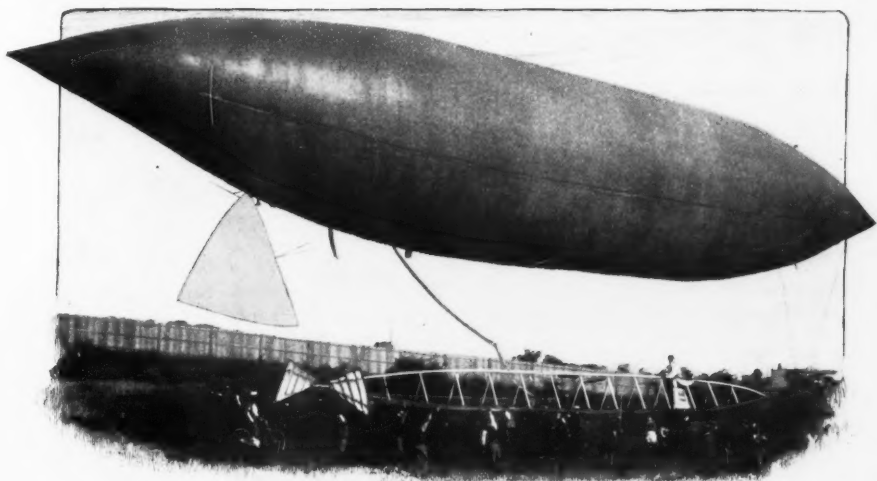
It is to be hoped that Mr. Boileau's example will be followed by other American artists, not only as regards painting, but in a more practical manner in the creation of artistic title-pages for music covers. The most exquisite pages of printed music now repose between covers the designs on



"NOCTURNE."

the actor and that of the scene-painter. The whole tendency of scenic decoration toward picturesque expressiveness is to be attributed to Wagner, so that music actually has had a strong influence upon so concrete a thing as stage-setting. Wagner's minute stage directions are so eloquently descriptive of the scene he had before his eyes as he wrote his librettos and composed his music that they seem to have inspired his scenic artists. They also have

which cry out to heaven for vengeance. In fact, part of the cover usually is taken up with the publisher's advertisement. The French, with their keen sense of the artistic, seem about the only nation which has recognized the impropriety of publishing beautiful music in unattractive form, and several French firms of music publishers have created a precedent in this respect which the music publishers of other countries would do well to follow.



M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S AIR-SHIP READY FOR THE ASCENSION.

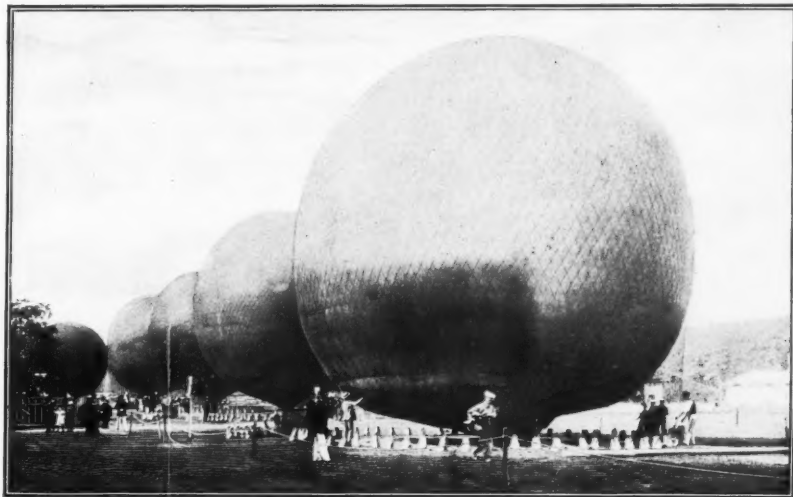
THE MODERN AËRONAUT.

BY JACQUES BOYER.

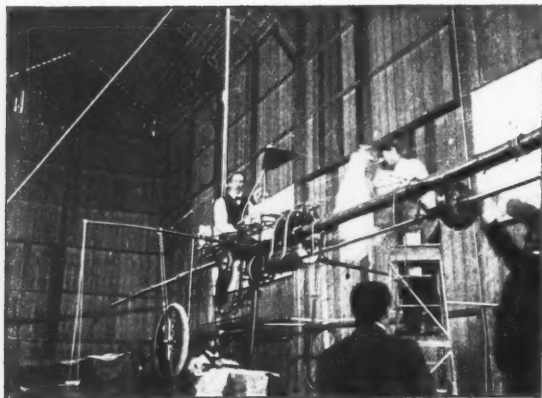
ON the 21st of November, 1783, the Marquis d'Arlandes and Pilatre de Rozier, after many ascensions in captive Montgolfiers, allowed themselves for the first time to be carried up into the air in a free balloon. Starting from the Château de la Muette, where the Dauphin then resided, they passed above the towers of

Notre Dame de Paris, and alighted safely near the Gobelins manufactory. Their flight lasted only twenty minutes. It is a far cry from these modest beginnings to the aerial voyage of thirty-six hours made in 1900 by the Count de la Vaulx.

However, the experience of the French aeronauts of the eighteenth century created



INFLATING IN THE BALLOON PARK AT VINCENNES.



M. SANTOS-DUMONT MAKING PRELIMINARY TRIALS OF HIS MOTOR.

the greatest enthusiasm in both hemispheres—for Rittenhouse, of Philadelphia, made ascensions in America in that same year of 1783. All humanity saw itself, in the near future, mistress of the ethereal ocean; but, although more than a century has passed, we have not yet seen the realization of this dream. However, while awaiting a solution of the problem, many Parisian sportsmen have devoted themselves enthusiastically to the pleasures of the *aéronaut*, which have become in our day a sport quite devoid of danger.

The great development of the new sport in France dates only from the foundation, on the 28th of January, 1899, of the *Aéro Club*, a society the membership of which now numbers more than three hundred experts. Two of its members—Count Castillon de Saint-Victor and M. Maurice Mallet—not long ago achieved a remarkable journey from Paris to Sweden, which, however, was eclipsed soon after by some of the notable competitions at the Universal Exposition. Organized most carefully by MM. E. Godard, W. de Fonville, Colonel Renard and some others, these competitions comprised four kinds of contests: trials of endurance, of altitude, of horizontal distance, and of alighting at

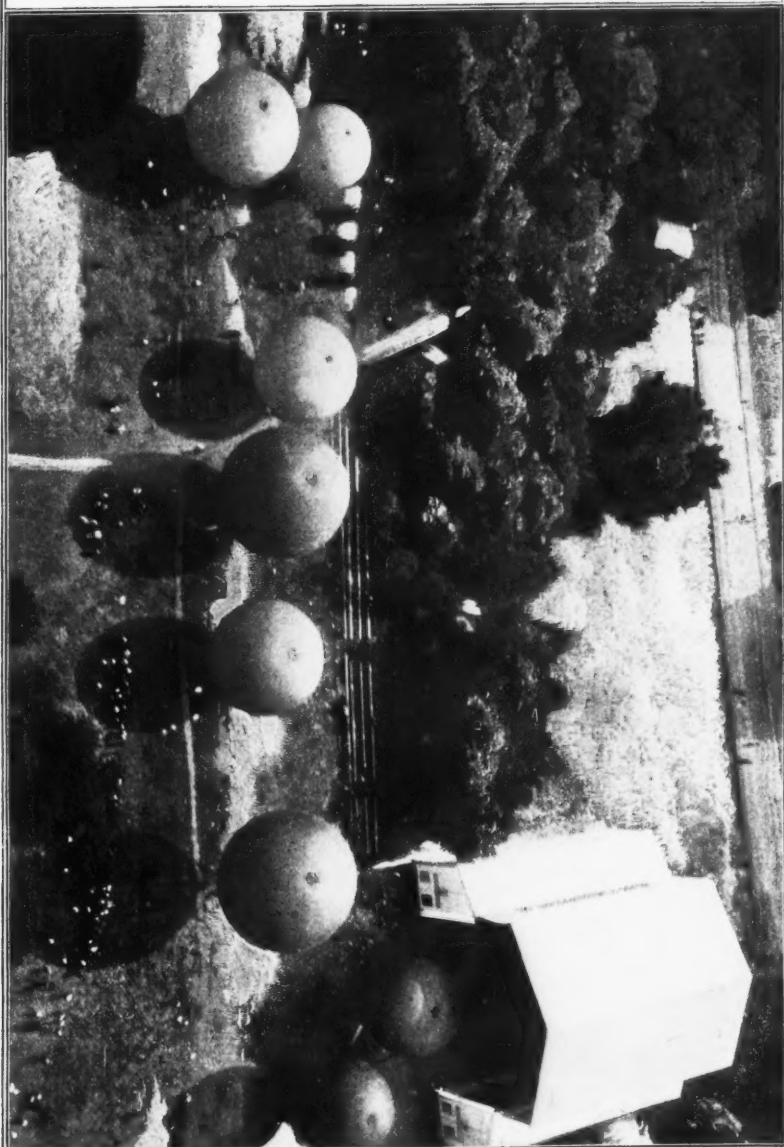
the least distance from a fixed point. In the beginning the wind drove the *aéronauts* toward the ocean and forced them to descend to earth earlier than they would otherwise have done. Some of the contestants, indeed, came very near perishing tragically. Thus the Count de la Vaulx, after having sighted the Minquiers Isles, alighted on August 27th near Guingamp, Côtes-du-Nord. The accompanying photographs, which show his balloon all torn to pieces,

indicate how dangerous was his landing. Monsieur Juchmès, the winner on this day, also had an exciting journey. Carried by the atmospheric currents toward the Cotentin peninsula, he was able, thanks to a sudden change in the wind, to stop himself just on the banks of the Loire. For the later races the weather was more element. Monsieur Balsan remained in the air for thirty-five hours on September 16th; a fortnight later, the Count de la Vaulx, passing over Germany, came to earth again quite near Warsaw.

On October 9, 1900, the day fixed for a most important contest of endurance and of distance at the same time, the *aérodrome* of Vincennes presented an unusual aspect, owing to the large number of spectators present. Shortly before half-past four



DEFLATING THE "TOURING-CLUB" AFTER A RACE.



Photographed by M. Simons from an altitude of two hundred and fifty meters.
THE BALLOON PARK AT VINÇENNES BEFORE THE START.



M. GODARD.

o'clock in the afternoon all the balloons were inflated and ready for the trial. By five o'clock the aerial flotilla commenced to move. The "Aéro-Club," directed by M. Jacques Faure, opened the ball; and then it was the turn of the "St. Louis," which carried off Messieurs Balsan and Godard.

Finally, at twenty minutes past five, the "Centaur," bearing the Count de la Vaulx and M. Castillon de Saint-Victor, gently soared away into the distance, its huge bulk gleaming gold in the rays of the setting sun.

The "Centaur" traversed successively Fontenay-sous-Bois, Rosny and Sevran. Then, after having thrown out a few handfuls of sand, their basket-car balanced itself



M. JUCHMES.

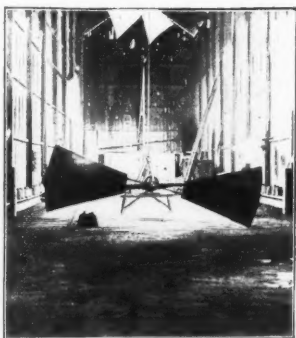
at an altitude of one thousand five hundred meters. A few rare sounds alone reached their ears. Finally the fog disappeared little by little. The plains of Champagne—Reims, whose cathedral under the pale light of the moon seems to be a marvelous triumph of stage scenery—and the valley of the Suippe passed in turn under their eyes.

At midnight the shadow of the balloon glided over the waters of the Ardennes canal. Then the French frontier was reached, but—happy mortals!—they passed it without any of the unpleasant formalities of the custom house. At half-past four the dawn appeared—a smudge of blood on the horizon—and a little later, under the action of the cooling atmosphere, the balloon descended to five hundred meters. The aeronauts then made a vain effort to discover where they were.

When the fog disappeared they saw Silesia, where soon the "St. Louis" rejoined them. The struggle between the two balloons became intense. They passed together over Breslau, and at thirty-five minutes past three they reascended to four thousand meters. The "Centaur" definitely lost sight of the "St. Louis." A temperature of twelve degrees below zero chilled them, and in order to continue their way they had to take alternately mouthfuls of cogniac and breaths of oxygen. They were over Russia at sunset, and nature provided them with a concert which they would willingly have dispensed with: black clouds gathered in the north-west, and in the distance they heard the heavy rumble of thunder. Their aerial ship was terribly buffeted.

Shortly after this, piercing cries of water-fowl and the lugubrious croaking of frogs in the immense marshes of Pinks disturbed the silence. With the first flush of dawn they saw under their basket broad plains sown here and there with tiny villages. At intervals churches with gilded domes and Byzantine belfries glistened superbly in the rising sun.

Their provision of sand and of oxygen being about exhausted, they loosed their guide-rope over the roofs of Korostichef in the province of Kiev. Then the anchor



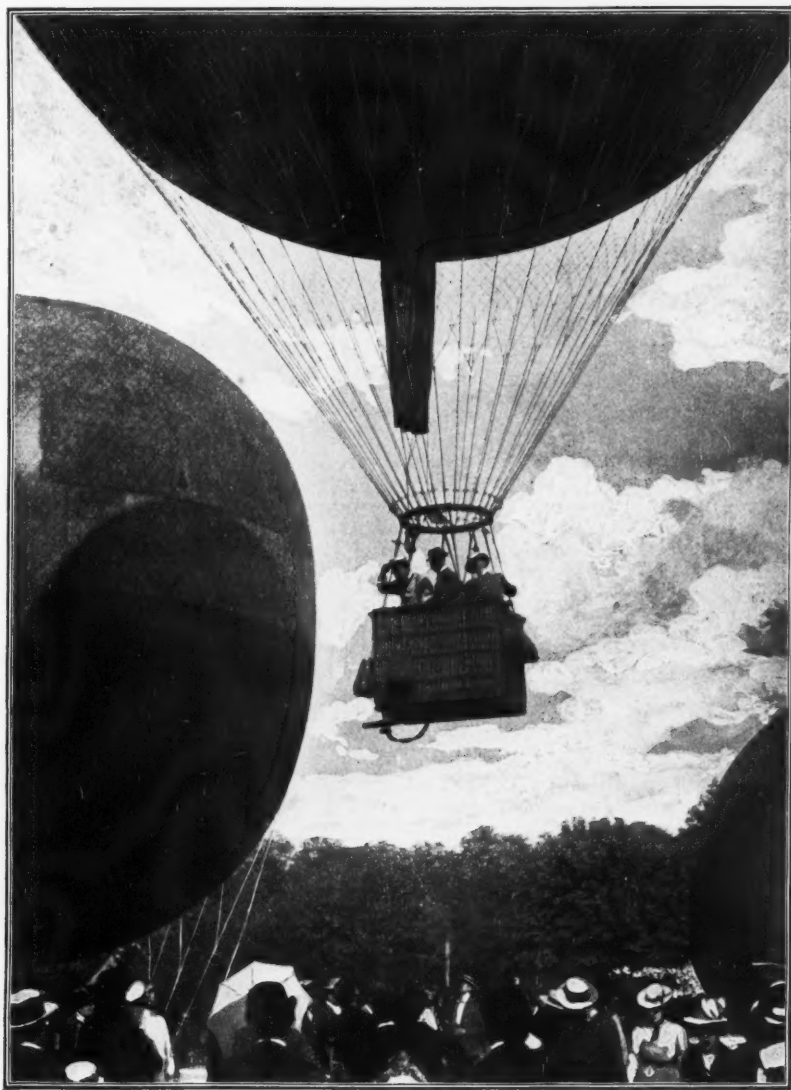
THE PROPELLER OF THE SANTOS-DUMONT AIR-SHIP.



M. BALSAN.



M. SIMONS.

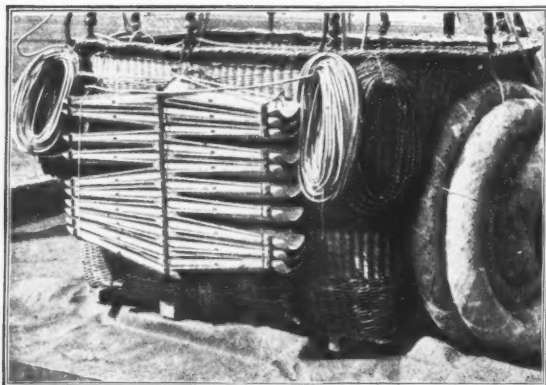


M. FAURE MAKING AN ASCENT IN THE "AËRO-CLUB."

was thrown out into the fork of a tree, while the Count de Castillon pulled the valve open. Immediately men and women appeared from all sides to stare at the spectacle, and finally conducted the aëronauts to the police bureau. The Commissioner received them well, and the necessary au-

thority to return to France was obtained.

Their return was a veritable triumph. They were fêted and feasted on the journey by both Russians and Poles. It took them four nights and three days to return by railway, while thirty-five hours and forty-five minutes had sufficed the "Centaur."



A CAR EQUIPPED FOR THE TRANS-MEDITERRANEAN TRIP.

The "St. Louis" had carried Messieurs Balsan and Godard to Russia also—to Opatshke, in the province of Pskov. These gentlemen had covered one thousand three hundred and sixty-one kilometers in twenty-seven hours and fifteen minutes. As to Monsieur Faure, he landed the "Aëro-Club" at Schütz in Moravia. Monsieur Maison, who, with his wife, had ascended in "La Lorraine," stopped at Weimar in Saxony. Monsieur Juchmès, in the "Touring-Club," reached Brückenau in Bavaria. Finally, the "Nimbus" carried

Monsieur Hervieu to Beringen in Switzerland. All the contestants thus acquitted themselves most creditably in this aerial race.

The competitions for altitude at the Universal Exposition offer less of interest, and the only one which is worthy of our attention is that of September 23, 1900, in which MM. Jacques Balsan and Louis Godard ascended to an altitude of eight thousand four hundred and seventeen meters. The ascension almost ended tragically. At one moment Monsieur Balsan fainted, and his companion was compelled to force the end

of the oxygen bag into his mouth. Then Monsieur Godard in his turn lost consciousness, and Monsieur Balsan rendered the same service for him. However, the record is still held by Monsieur Berson, of Berlin, the only human being who has soared to the height of nine thousand one hundred and fifty-one meters.

On the other hand, the races of the least distance to a point designated in advance were very interesting, for all the sportsmen

who took part in them evinced admirable skill in their maneuvers. Thus in the contest of July 22d seven balloonists out of twelve alighted at the commune of Mornant, the prearranged point of descent. We should not forget, either, the contest of August 19th, which was highly original. According to the set program, the contestants were to rendezvous at a designated place, ascend into the air again and finally repair to the appointed destination. The results were eminently satisfactory, since



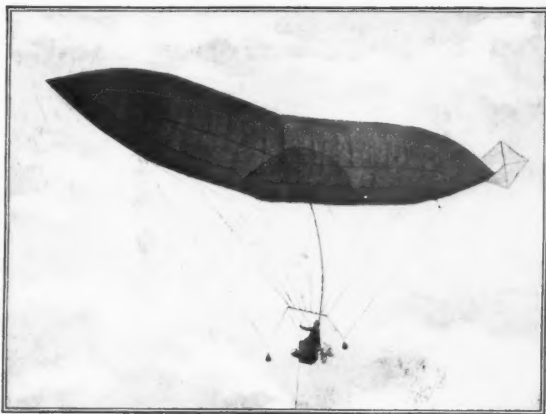
COUNT DE LA VAULX.



M. RAMBAUD ABOUT TO MAKE AN ASCENSION.

in one of the ensuing races each captain himself appointed the end of his journey, and the Count de la Vaulx came down in the very village he had designated.

Finally, to the Count de la Vaulx fell the "grand prix" of aërostation, which was decided on the entire program of contests at the Universal Exposition, while Monsieur Balsan took second place. Next came M. Jacques Faure, who, with his wife, ascended on November 26th last on board the "Microbe," a little balloon of five hundred and eighty cubic meters' capacity. This sentimental journey in the air was completed in the happiest manner imaginable. Monsieur Simons won the competition for the best aëronautic photographs, and it is to his courtesy that



M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S AIR-SHIP IN FULL FLIGHT.

I am indebted for some of the photographs illustrating this article.

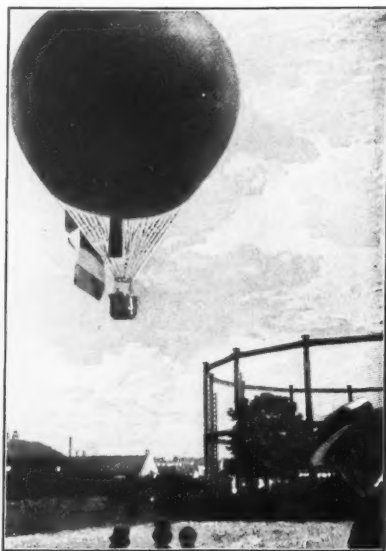
French manufacturers also favor the new sport by all means in their power. M. Henry Deutsch has put at the disposal of the Aëro Club the sum of one hundred



Photographed by M. Simons from an altitude of four hundred and fifty meters.
LAKE DAUMESNIL AT VINCENNES.



START OF THE FIRST BALLOON RACE, JUNE 17, 1900.



M. RAMBAUD IN A FREE BALLOON.

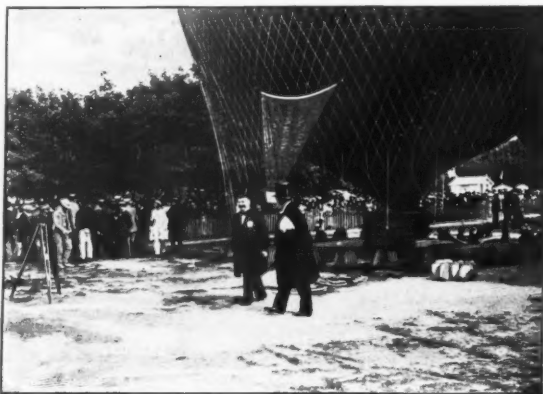
thousand francs for the experimenter who, starting from the Longchamps race-course, shall sail around the Eiffel Tower and return to the point of starting within half an hour. He has also offered four thousand francs a year annually since 1900 for the encouragement of the most meritorious aéronaut. Monsieur Santos-Dumont has just won the smaller sums, which he has generously relinquished in order to found another prize.

Abandoning ordinary balloons, Monsieur Santos-Dumont applied a petroleum motor to an air-ship of his own invention. The apparatus consisted of a cylinder ending in two cones, twenty-five meters long and three and one-half meters in diameter and containing one hundred and eighty cubic meters. Its varnished silk cover weighed only thirty kilograms. The start was made by pedaling.

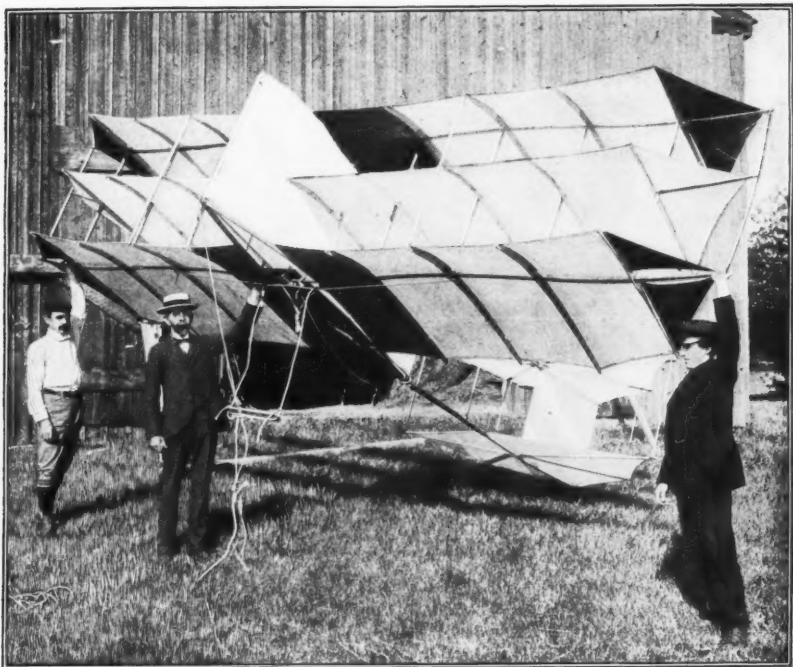
Two bags of sand, attached to the basket, or car, by means of cords, made it

possible to change the center of gravity of the system, making the axis incline according as the pilot wished to ascend or descend. On September 20, 1898, his flying-machine performed various evolutions under the combined action of the propeller and the rudder amid the acclamations of an assemblage of enthusiasts.

During the following years this resourceful mechanic continued his attempts with still larger balloons.



MM. DE FONVILLE AND GODARD ON A BALLOON RACING-DAY AT VINCENNES.

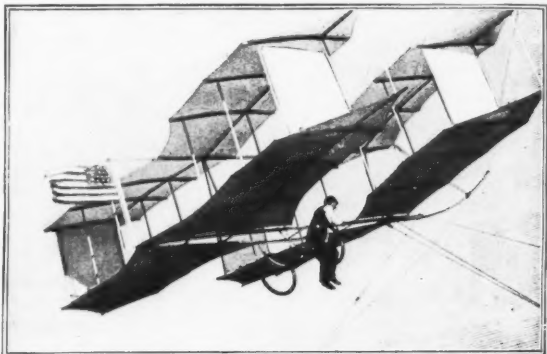


MR. LAMSON'S KITE READY TO RISE.

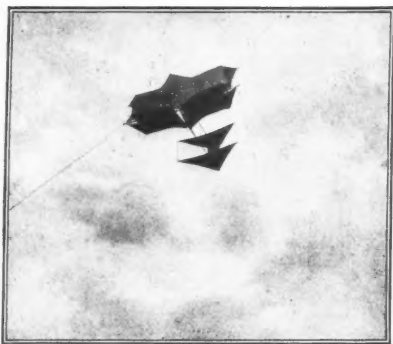
The most notable of Monsieur Santos-Dumont's ascents took place on September 19, 1900, in the presence of the members of the Aëronautic Congress. On that occasion he succeeded in making headway against the wind. Encouraged by this success, the inventor set to work again with renewed enthusiasm, and the "Santos-Dumont No. 5," the details of which are shown in the accompanying photographs, was soon constructed. The whole construction—sixteen-horse-power motor, oil reservoir and all—weighs only two hundred and fifty kilograms. His subsequent aerial journeys have been made with machines differing but little from that shown in the photograph.

The most daring of French aëronauts, the Count de la Vaulx, is pre-

paring to cross the Mediterranean in a balloon. The laurels of Lhote, who, after many attempts, crossed the British Channel in this way, keep him from sleeping. A French daily, "L'Echo de Paris," has opened a subscription to cover the expenses of the enterprise, which is under the patronage of the Minister of the Navy, M. de



MR. FRED BICKFORD ASCENDING IN A LAMSON KITE IN 1897.



A METEOROLOGICAL KITE FLYING UNDER THE CLOUDS.

Lanessan. The project is not so dangerous as at first blush it would seem.

Near the waves the temperature changes only gradually, and a balloon when over the sea possesses great stability, the difficulties that beset the aéronaut in a journey over land disappearing in a measure. A sheet of water presents, therefore, in spite of the general opinion to the contrary, a remarkably attractive field for journeys of this kind. Moreover, the addition of certain appliances that cannot be used on land still further increases this stability. There are, in the first place, guide-ropes, immense hempen cables attached to the ring of the balloon, and the equilibrators, enormous strands of rope wrapped in cloths which are very heavy. When, in consequence of a sudden cooling of the atmosphere, the weighted balloon begins to descend, these devices, resting on the ground, progressively lighten the balloon. On the other hand, if the solar action increases the upward movement of the balloon, the lifting of a certain weight of guide-rope acts as a drag on the ascent. But this means of preserving equilibrium is impracticable over fields, forests and cities, for the ropes would catch on houses, trees and other objects that might lie in their path. Sometimes, even after being dragged for many hours, the guide-ropes become unraveled, catch in some object and stop the balloon. Then, in calm weather, the captain's only resource is to cut the cable which holds him. But in this case it is impossible to

continue the journey for long. When the wind is high, the sudden stop dashes the frail bark to the ground, where the silken envelope of the balloon is torn—to say nothing of the danger to life and limb to which the passengers are subjected.

Moreover, the sea constitutes a marvelous ballast which the steersman may take on or throw out at will.

As a starting-point the Count de la Vaulx's choice has fallen on Toulon, in which city he will find almost all he needs for his journey. The government's marine aérostation depot will furnish him hydrogen for inflating his balloon.

Although it is still in its infancy, they have already baptized the balloon which is to carry them the "National." It is spherical in form, with a capacity of three thousand cubic meters. It

will be provided with a compensating balloon, in order to prevent the possibility of its collapsing, operated by means of a valve in the car. A large valve in the upper part will serve for the final descent to land, another and smaller valve being provided by which the balloon may be manœuvered,



MR. C. R. LAMSON.



MM. JUCHMES AND DARD AND CAPTAIN RADISSOY ON A TRIP FROM FARIS TO WARBURG.



THE WRECK OF COUNT DE LA VAULX'S BALLOON AFTER HIS LANDING AT GUINGAMP.

and, thanks to a number of inflated buoys, the basket would, in case of necessity, be able to keep afloat for a long time. Finally, a series of deviators makes it possible to steer the balloon in a direction different from that of the wind in order to avoid obstacles.

The "National" will carry wireless telegraphic instruments and carrier-pigeons by which communication with land may be kept up. Swift launches will follow the balloon to be on hand in case of accident. Count de la Vaulx will have four companions with him.

Recent American efforts toward the solution of the problem of aërial navigation have been directed along different lines. The balloon has been discarded and experiments have been made with large kites fitted with aëroplanes. The aëronaut regulates the angle at which these planes are inclined according as he wishes to soar upward or downward.

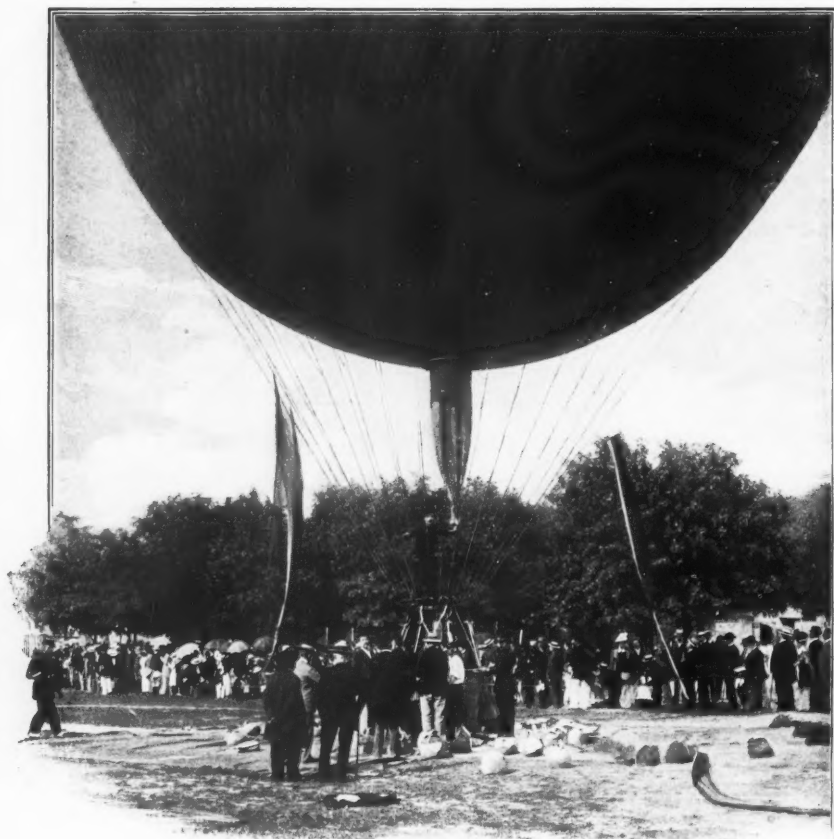


THE PLATE AWARDED TO WINNERS IN THE 1900 RACES—OBSERVE.

Mr. Lamson, of Portland, Maine, whose air-ship is seen in the accompanying illustrations, believes that he has solved the problem of aërial navigation so far as pleasure alone is concerned. He can rise, maintain himself at a height in the air and, like the vulture, glide downward. But, unlike the vulture, he cannot catch the wind again and soar upward. When this can be done with safety, the problem will be solved.



THE PLATE AWARDED TO WINNERS IN THE 1900 RACES—REVERSE.



THE "CENTAUR" AT VINCENNES BEFORE ITS DEPARTURE FOR RUSSIA.

The Lamson air-ship is believed to be the biggest kite or air-vessel ever flown in the world. It maintained at an altitude of over six hundred feet the heaviest weight ever attached to a kite. Before Mr. Lamson trusted himself to a flight in his latest air-ship, a one-hundred-and-fifty-pound dummy was placed upon the car and the ship was allowed to rise six hundred feet into the air. The wind, however, proved too strong and the rope snapped. The work of months, representing the study of years, seemed likely to be destroyed, but instead the accident proved to be a fortunate one, for after a brief trip heavenward, during which its meanderings were breathlessly watched by Mr. Lamson and his at-

tendants, it descended to earth uninjured.

At the present time French inventors are more active than American ones, and it will be interesting to see which nation will contribute the perfect air-ship.

The French plans for next year are on a larger scale than those of any previous year, and notable progress is certain when so many brains are devoted to solving the problem.

The activity of modern aëronauts bodes well for the future of aerial travel. While they have for the most part given it attention merely as a sport, there is no doubt that its commercial possibilities are great, and it seems likely that transportation of freight and passengers through the air will be a question of a comparatively short time.



A WORKING MAN IN THE PRESIDENCY.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

STUDYING Theodore Roosevelt from boyhood up, one finds this dominant note in his career: each morning he asked himself what was the most important work for that day. Having determined this, he acted upon it with all his mind, with all his strength of body and will, worrying little about next month or next year. The doing of it so exercised his mind that in the accomplishment of the task of the day he was thereby fitted to take up more difficult tasks. It follows that, whether as school-boy, youth or man of affairs, his time has been fully occupied with work—not desultory work, but well-considered and useful labor.

It does not follow that each day did not bring its hours of recreation and of rest. On the contrary, no matter how arduous the demands upon his time, the hours for walking or riding or games, for social intercourse or for rest were set aside with the most regular exactness. His first duty was to equip himself to perform his allotted tasks. The first essential of this equipment was a sound mind in a sound body. Therefore both mind and body were to be surrounded by

every safeguard, and the first necessity was to prevent overstraining by overwork.

Probably no finer illustration of American manhood has ever occupied the office of the presidency than Theodore Roosevelt. Lincoln himself was barred from that all-round preparation which is the distinguishing characteristic of the new President, by the limitations of early poverty and by high office early thrust upon him without such preparation as goes to the making up of capacity for administration.

Would Roosevelt have proved himself a Lincoln if he had been subjected to like privations? It is not likely. A mind like Lincoln's, capable of rising from humble beginnings to such strong control and such high wisdom, is one in a hundred million. But in education, in good intentions, in general manliness, and in the fitting which goes to make a superb Executive, Roosevelt comes into office equipped as were few of his predecessors. Add to this that fortune has placed him in the Executive Chair free from all pledges to those who were instrumental in selecting him for

**"AGGRESSIVE FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHT IS
THE GREATEST SPORT THE WORLD KNOWS."**

office—the only President since Washington of whom this is strictly true—and we have the foundation of a grand administrative career.

President Roosevelt is free to be the head, not of a political party, but of the nation.

He has the courage, mental and physical.

He has that thorough knowledge of affairs which will permit him to act wisely.

He has exhibited in the past a rectitude of purpose which gives promise of noble results.

The only question which remains is this:

Has he that power of mental endurance which resists the endless pressure brought to bear upon a President, hour after hour, day after day, month after month, by party associates—men whom he likes, men whom he admires in their public and private careers, men who support his policy in the Senate and House of Representatives, men who in a certain measure place him under obligation, men who are wise in their way, and men who have, many of them, the welfare of the public at heart?

The beating of the ocean for a thousand years upon a rock is not equal to the pressure brought to bear upon the mind of one President. The qualities to resist such con-

stant attrition must be almost superhuman.

Here we have Mr. Roosevelt at the head of the nation, wonderfully equipped, bold, utterly lacking in mental and bodily fear, with but two dangers standing in the way of the most successful administration the country has ever seen:—

First. Temptation from ambition—all other kinds of temptation are impossible to Mr. Roosevelt.

Second. Danger from lack of sufficient mental stamina to resist the eternal breaking of the political waves which roll down upon the Executive Mansion.

Mr. Roosevelt is fortunate in one important particular at the entrance of his presidential term. All political parties are in a chaotic state. While the Republican party holds power through every part of the United States, that power is the result of machine combination rather than of a well-defined policy. The tariff, which was the basic thought upon which Mr. McKinley came into place and under which the Republican organization was enabled to perfect itself, has ceased to be a party principle, and has even ceased to be desirable to many of the men who were chiefly instrumental in its present development. The bimetallic question, which was at one time the most serious of political problems, has almost disappeared. The demonetization of silver has resulted in vastly increased production of gold, so that those who formerly opposed the demonetization of silver for the purpose of making money dearer will presently, as gold gradually approaches the position of the more plentiful and cheaper metal, take exactly the contrary attitude.

One other change: Certain controlling financial powers that formerly either permitted or were instrumental in producing money panics in order to obtain the increment sacrificed by the general public during financial revolutions are to-day actually engaged in protecting the credit of the world because their own fortunes are bound up in the stocks which would be sacrificed in the event of panic.

The United States, from being a debtor nation, has usurped the place of England. To-day we are in a position to control those money centers which formerly operated American finances and markets.

It is curious to speculate upon what the



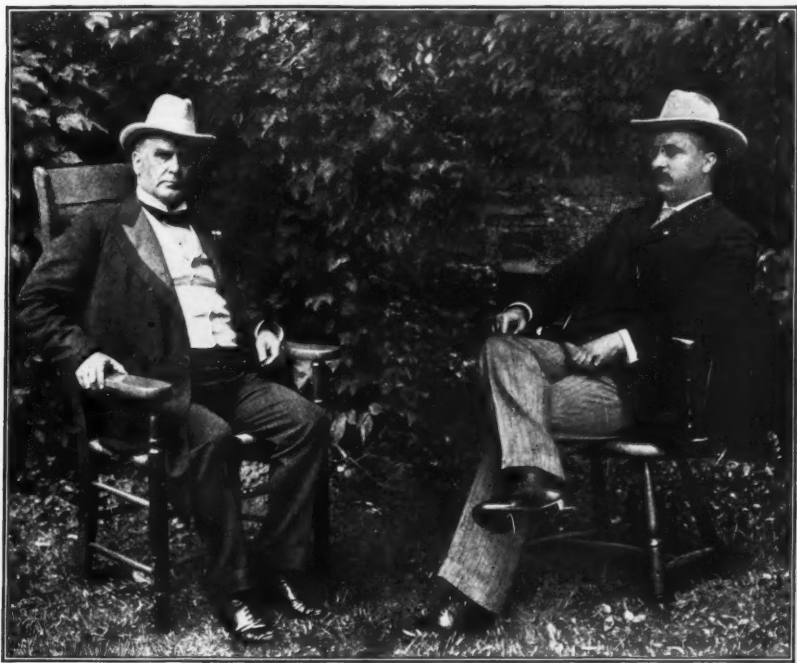
Copyright, 1900, G. G. Rockwood.

MR. ROOSEVELT AS GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

three years of Mr. Roosevelt in the presidency will bring forth. While the Republican organization stands as the party of accumulated power, with the brutal control of elective bodies which comes with years of predominance, the Democratic party, on the other hand, has become thoroughly demoralized. That element in the Democracy which formerly controlled for personal aggrandizement—the Whitneys, the Hills and the Gormans—is in a fair way to be in the ascendancy at the next Democratic Conven-

Or will his inclination and will be beaten down by the pressure of those powerful minds which to-day control our financial and political worlds for their own purposes?

This outcome, fraught with so much of good or evil, constitutes the most interesting question to-day before the public. Upon the man depends the result. It is in view of this interest in the man that *THE COSMOPOLITAN* will publish in succeeding pages the story of the life of Theodore



Copyright, 1900, Puck Bros.

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY AND VICE-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

tion and nominate a man for the presidency who would be no more in sympathy with the general Democracy of the country than Mr. Quay or Mr. Platt.

It promises, therefore, that during the next three years the great mass of voters who wish their country well and have no personal interest will be left free to attach themselves to that element which seems likely to represent the greatest protection to general interests.

Will President Roosevelt prove himself the champion of these interests?

Roosevelt, not merely as a study for those who are so deeply questioning the political outlook, but for the young men of the country, who may ponder upon this extraordinary exemplification of the fact that there is a place in American politics for clean, fine-minded men who refuse to trample upon their personal dignity or sacrifice their honor and who determine in entering politics to devote their highest talents to the success of the public interests, themselves profiting only secondarily by the part which they play.

THE STORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LIFE.

INTRODUCTION BY JOHN BRISSEN WALKER.

THE most interesting man now holding high office, in either Europe or America, is undoubtedly Theodore Roosevelt. The German Emperor—the man who feels an interest in every detail of his empire, who sincerely wishes his subjects well, but whose reign is not in the highest direction because of class prejudices and arbitrary ideas inherited from a long line of prejudiced and arbitrary ancestors—may be regarded as the best example of the monarchial system. In Roosevelt we have the first example of the ideal which was in the minds of the founders of our form of government—the man born with all the advantages of comfortable position and excellent family tradition who, after being carefully educated, gives himself in all sincerity to the best interests of the Republic.

The few statesmen hitherto produced have been the result of chance. Perhaps Lincoln's training was best for the time and for meeting the peculiar problems which confronted his administration. A few great men have been turned out of nature's crucible as our necessities required. But as a rule, the tendency of popular selection has been in the direction of inferior minds and the commonplace—the sharp, cunning schemer receiving the suffrages as against the earnest, thoughtful mind.

At the end of a hundred years we had begun to ask: Is the wealth so abundantly showered upon the individuals of the nation never to produce a class of men who will regard money simply as a permission to high accomplishment? Are rich Americans to go on believing that money means clothes and dogs and horses and yachts and fine houses and servants and liberty to travel? Is wealth always to corrupt and lower? Will not a set of men be evolved presently in our Republic who will recognize that being born to riches means being placed in the world with tools at hand to do great deeds for their fellow-men?

The European pessimist pointed at the results and taunted the republican idea with being unable to produce statesmen. "Republicanism," he has been writing, "tends to produce demagogues. There is no place

for the man of high ideals and unselfishness." When Theodore Roosevelt left college, he heard it everywhere asserted as a fact that there was no place in our political system for a man determined not to soil his hands in seeking political preferment. About that time several of our great fortunes endeavored to enter politics. The daily journals contained accounts of how these personages had, under the wing of ward politicians, gone into the slums and spent money freely in "setting up the drinks" and otherwise conforming to the most corrupt traditions of the worst political elements. It was evident that such men could have no serious purpose, for men do not endeavor to aid their fellow-men by providing the means for their debauchery. If such wished to engage in politics, it was because they had personal ambitions to serve and were intent solely upon selfish ends. "No decent man can take successful part in New York politics," was the generally accepted belief of the time.

The young Roosevelt, who had studied the principles of democratic government, said: "I refuse to believe statements so hopeless of the Republic's future. Government by the people is the highest and truest form. If this be so, there must be some way by which a man can take part in popular government other than through treachery to his ideals."

Were not the rich young men who had sought political honors via the bar-room worthy only of the sneers and ridicule of the people? For what reason did they seek office? How had they prepared themselves for fulfilling public duties? By what means did they seek to accomplish their ends? Why should such men succeed? Had they not received a just measure of reward? And while the unthinking public was satisfied with these superficial estimates, Roosevelt was engaged in drawing these conclusions for his future guidance:—

If I fit myself properly for administering public duties;

If I set about my work having the truest interest of my country at heart;

If I am patient in mastering all the smaller details of our system;

If I maintain my own self-respect and integrity under all temptations, even to the extent of apparently seeing my political career ruined rather than surrender to wrong;

If I display the courage of my convictions;

If I am true to the right and tenacious of it at all times;

Above all things, if I have the capacity to labor unceasingly—

Then I may be confident that American political life holds a place for me.

There can be no doubt that something very similar to this was in the mind of the young Roosevelt, and that these conclusions have continued to guide him through all the difficult places of his life.

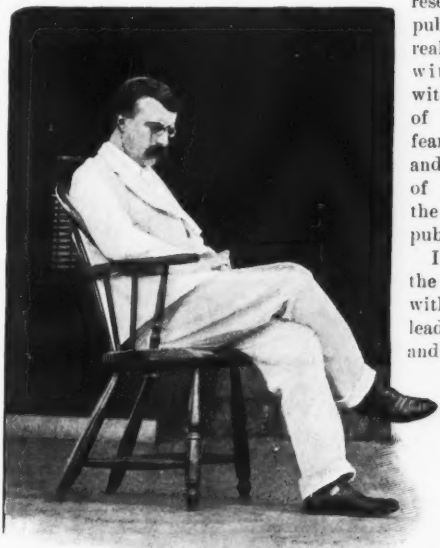
Let it not be supposed, however, that this determination was evolved in any spirit of supreme self-sacrifice. He knew that he would be compelled to live; he expected to marry; his children would require education. Undoubtedly he carefully calculated his

resources and his opportunities for dignified income. Not for a moment did he lose sight of the necessities of life.

The results, thus far, of his career make hopeful those who believe that eventually the highest places of government will be

reserved in our Republic for men of real ability who, without humbug, with entire honesty of conviction, with fearlessness of speech and tenacious pursuit of the right, give themselves to the public work.

In this day when the cities are filled with rich young men leading uninteresting and stupid lives—when not worse—it is worth while to give an analysis of such a career as that of Theodore Roosevelt. The causes of his success are



Copyright, 1900, G. G. Rockwood.

MR. ROOSEVELT AT HIS SUMMER HOME AT OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.

all at hand and easy to understand, while his life itself is intensely interesting. It would be difficult for a writer of fiction to conceive a more romantic and entertaining story than that which makes up the real life of Theodore Roosevelt.

FROM A GARRET WINDOW.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

STEAM-MANTLED horses tugging at a dray—

A blight of cankering wind and curling snow

That blinds the staggering toiler far below—

Yet these seem blest to one who, gazing down,

Sees naught for him in all that toiling town

Where hopeless sleep shuts down the hopeless day.



THE PRIEST'S ATTENDANTS HEATING THE STONES.

A CURIOUS RELIGIOUS RITE.

By ERNESTINE COUGHRAN.

GREAT is the faith of the Hawaiians in the powers of the kahuna, their priest, or sorcerer, and when it was announced that Papa Ita, the aged fire-walker from Mauritius, had come to the islands to perform the ceremony of walking over heated stones in the city of Honolulu, the tidings spread far and wide among the superstitious natives, and the wildest excitement prevailed, for the rite had never been performed in the Hawaiian Islands before.

As the time of the promised feat drew nearer and the interest became more wildly manifest, the native kahunas became alarmed for their laurels. It was very evident that if Papa Ita really performed the Tahitian rite he would immediately become the greatest kahuna in the country. The aged fire-walker was approached by several prominent kahunas with bribes and alluring inducements to leave Hawaii, but he was invulnerable, and remained in the woods and mountains, communing with his guardian spirits, while preparations were being

made for the ceremony, which by right of inheritance he claims he can perform.

Papa Ita, so the story goes, is the last of a long line of sorcerers, and the gift of being able to walk over a mound of heated stones was long ago given to one of his forefathers by a grateful spirit to whom a service had been rendered; the gift was handed down from father to son, and the aged survivor of the favored family says that he cannot remember the time when he first began to perform the rite. He is now sixty-three years of age and has successfully performed the feat many times in Tahiti and Mauritius in the presence of tourists from different parts of the world.

The stones which were to be heated, and trodden barefoot by the Tahitian, were carefully selected by Papa Ita himself. They were of lava formation and were taken from an old wall in the Portuguese section of the city. When the excavation had been heaped to the level of the ground with hau logs, the stones were piled upon

the pyre, forming an oval mound about ten feet in height. Meanwhile Papa Ita retired into the woods, there to invoke the spirits and to gather at midnight the leaves of the ti-plant, which were to be woven into a magic brush of command, for use in subduing the spirits of the heat and the flame.

Next morning the fire was lighted and was allowed to burn fifteen hours. As the fuel burned out, the stones sank into the excavation, the heated air shimmering upward. Throughout the day crowds of natives stood about the place. Japanese men and women in brightly colored ki-

through the crowd and squatted at one corner of the oven. Tar torches were lighted and cast a ghastly light uncertainly over the whole scene, now and then flaring up and showing the ruined walls of the old stone church silhouetted against the sky.

There was a stir among the assembled natives, and a deferential whisper. The Queen was to be present. The crowd fell back and parted for her admission, and the deposed sovereign of Hawaii, Queen Liliuokalani, escorted by her nephew, Prince David, entered the inner circle.

A few minutes later, the crowd fell back



PAPA ITA ON HIS FIERY PATHWAY.

monos and Chinese in the Chinese dress were liberally sprinkled here and there. Many sailors attired in blouses and wide trousers, soldiers in uniform, Americans in white duck suits and curious tourists added variety to the audience.

As the stones sank lower and began to glow with the heat, the excitement ran high, and by sunset hundreds of people were hurrying from all parts of the city to the scene of the promised exhibition. Papa Ita had calculated well: at the appointed hour the fire had died low and the stones sank slowly down, glowing white-hot. A quintette of native musicians stole

on either side and between the two lines of silent people the fire-walker moved toward the inner circle, his eyes intent upon the glowing stones. He wore a crown of ti-leaves, and a girdle of ti-leaves encircling his waist held the loose folds of his robe in place. In one hand he carried aloft a great brush of the magic ti-leaves intertwined and fastened to a large stalk.

For some minutes, while the weird music continued and the torches flickered, the fire-walker sat silent, the assemblage waiting breathlessly. Then he lifted his hand in command, and the attendants with the long poles fell to work turning

over the heated stones. As the white-hot sides of the lava rocks turned upward under the skilful manipulation of the long poles, darting tongues of flame leaped through the apertures, throwing a red light over the scene, and the great heat from the furnace compelled the circle of spectators to widen and fall back. When a line of stones the entire length of the oven had been turned with the glowing sides upward, dried grass and bits of paper were tossed upon the rocks to show the heat. These light materials were immediately shriveled up and burned to ashes.

back over the entire length of the oven and returned to his chair.

This successful performance of the weird marvel broke the breathless silence of the spectators. Cries of "Kabuna nui!" (great priest) came from all sides, and superstitious adoration was expressed on every Hawaiian face. Some of the natives threw silver at the feet of the Tahitian and fell on their knees at the edge of the circle. The sky had clouded over, and a few drops of rain fell, hissing and steaming as they struck the hot stones.

After a few minutes Papa Ita repeated



THE KAHUNA INVOKING THE AID OF THE SPIRITS.

Fifty feet away spectators were sheltering their faces from the blistering heat.

Suddenly the fire-walker leaped to his feet, and stamping slowly upon the ti-leaf carpet, began to wave his sacred brush and chant, swaying his body and looking heavenward. Then, lifting the great brush of ti-leaves high into the air, he smote the ground twice and walked unhesitatingly into the glowing heap, stepping deliberately from stone to stone with bare feet and emerging apparently without pain or injury on the other side. Immediately turning round and repeating the command to the fire-spirits and smiting the ground as before, he walked

the feat, with the same incantations and smiting of the ground, and four times he successfully trod back and forth over the red-hot lava rocks, as he had said he would. When he stepped forth from the mound the fourth time, a great cheer rent the air and the natives rushed into the circle and crowded about him, showering money upon him and kissing his hands.

Gradually the Hawaiians retired in awed silence, while the white spectators gathered in groups and discussed the feat eagerly, without arriving at a conclusion which could satisfactorily explain the remarkable exhibition of the aged kahuna.

ELSIE'S DANCE FOR HER LIFE



"DO you mind the wee house o' Breckonside?" It was Silver Sand who was speaking, and we were all gathered about the big, open fireplace of Isle Rathan in the frosty gloaming.

"Mind it?" cried a voice, quick and indignant, as of one having authority; "mind it! I heard the tale when I was a lassie, and I never want to hear it mair. It's eneuch to keep us a' from sleepin'! We'll hae nane o' your stories o' witches an' warlocks in my hoose, if ye please, Mr. John Faa!"

But at this there was, of course, great wonderment among all the younger folk. The lads gathered in closer, where they sat making baskets of plaited willow wands, while the maidens disclaimed their desire to hear any horrible tale—but nevertheless hitched in their chairs closer so that they might not lose a word. They looked over their shoulders whenever the doors opened suddenly behind them, and, I doubt not, felt pleasurable fears sting them momentarily in the marrow each time a dog barked without.

"Aweel," said Silver Sand, quietly, "since it's no your pleasure, Mistress May, we will say nothing more o' the wee cot o' Breckonside, the auld miser Hobby Kinmont, and that puir young lass Elsie, wha was shut up for the space o' a simmer's nicht wi' the terrible Mounster——"

"Wait till my mither gangs to the milk-hoose and then tell us," whispered one of the bright-eyed maidens, whose word had

power to move the old wanderer's heart to tell his best tales.

"Oh, 'deed," laughed the mistress of Isle Rathan, "ye can drive on wi' your tale, Silver Sand. Dinna mak' a 'mounster' o' me in my ain hoose—but gin the bairns dinna sleep this nicht after haein' your daft havers dinned in their lugs, you an' the guidman may e'en bide in the turret chamber wi' the rats, or sleep in the barn gin ye like, for into my kitchen ye dinna come nor lie in bed o' mine this nicht!"

"Weel," said Silver Sand, philosophically, "I hae spent some time in waur places than either—and wi' that same guidman o' yours, too, Mistress Mary. But wi' your permission I will tell the tale of 'How Elsie danced for her life.'" And this was Silver Sand's story:—

There is no house on Breckonside now (he said), only as ye gang your ways up the brae-face, at the turn of the road where the burn runs bonny and clear down in the dell, and the heather reaches down among the green breckons that give the place its name, ye may see a kind of knowe, or hill-ock, that is, it may be, a thoct greener than the lave. Not one stone is to be seen upon another. The kindly mold is over all. The hemlock and the bluidy-fingers (foxglove) grow tall where lovers caed their cracks by the inglenook, and of all the well-set yaird where the miser grew his lint and dibbled his potatoes, only a single lilac-bush now stands in the corner that overlooks the road.

Now, at this lonely yet heartsome place dwelt for many a year auld Hobby Kinmont and his daughter Bell. She had the name

of being bonny to look on in her young days, and many a lover came to see the miser's heiress that would fain have hung up his hat behind the door and taken his seat at Hobby Kinmont's table as the auld man's son-in-law.

But auld Hobby was a far-seeing carle and not to be cheated by any "flairdie" (blarney).

"When I hae a want o' ony guid-sons," he would say, "I'll put up a notice in the window, or hae it intimated in the kirk!"

Hobby had the name of a warlock, too, and the neighbors used to wonder at the strange noises that were to be heard at mirk-midnight about the cot of Breckonside, and the lights that gaed wandering athwart the leas. It "wasna canny," they said, nor more than decent that Hobby should always have the best lint to make his linen sheets of, the earliest potatoes by a clear fortnight, the cleanest wool whereof to weave his homespun. (For Hobby was a weaver as well as a bonnet-laird on a small scale.)

Above all, Hobby had the name of siller, and nothing makes for envy like that, whether in town-street or countryside. ("Envying and grieving at the guid o' your neighbor; aye, there ye hae it, bairns," said Silver Sand, nodding warningly at us to point the moral.) The love of siller is the root of all evil, and even the very name of it breeds unkindness and ill-will.

But upon a day this Bell Kinmont, that had been counted the richest-tochered lass in seven parishes, settled the matter of a son-in-law for the old man without consulting her father. There was a Hieland marching regiment in Dumfries, and squads of them used to tramp here and there through the countryside, airing the braw feathers in their bonnets and drawing in the young lads to list with them by the glint of their accouterments, or, maybe, the merry noise of the pipe and drum that went before them and set the pulses jumping.

So with a blythe young Hieland sergeant in his Majesty's 93d regiment, MacHamish by name, Bell Kinmont took the road, and the auld man only sat the stiller at his loom and caaed away at the shuttle the harder. And if he could not manage to weave himself a new daughter, at least he

worked so hard that he seldom minded the one he had lost. The name of her nevermore crossed his lips. And when anybody, gentle or simple, speered for Bell, he shut the door in their faces and syne went ben again to his weaving.

So a year or two slipped by, and maybe another five or six to the back of that, and still no word of Bell. When, true as I am telling ye, who but Bell brought back word of herself. Faith, and it was a strange word! I mind it clear as yesterday, for it was me, Silver Sand, that am this day an old, done man, who gat the first glint of her.

It was a fine summer morn, early in June, and the clouds in the sky to the east were just the color of the first briar-rosebuds in the hedge by the roadside. I came up the brae whistling like a lintie and as free o' care, for my heart was light in those good days. There stood the cot of Breckonside before me, shining white in the sun. For the auld miser, though he spared most other things, never was a sparer of good whitewash. I was just beginning to listen for the click-clack of Hobby's shuttle, when down by the waterside methought I saw a ferlie.

For on the grass by the burn a bonny bit bairn ran hither and thither waving its hands and laughing to the heavens for very gladness. The night had been calm, a "gossamer nicht," as we gipsy folk call it, and from hedge to hemlock and from lowly breckon to tall queen o' the meadow the silver threads were stretched taut like the cordage of some seagoing ship. The dew shone silver-clear on ilka silken strand, and the blobs of it were like pearls and diamonds in the morning sun.

And aye the langer I stood the wilder the bairn ran and loupit, lightfoot as a fairy herself. "Bonny—bonny—oh, bonny!" she cried, clapping her hands and laughing; "see, mither, mither, are they no unco bonny?"

Then, by the side of the beck, as if, being wearied with travel, she had set her down to take a drink of the caller burn water, I saw a woman sit. She was aneath a bush of hazel, and her head was resting tired-like on her hand.

Then the wee lass saw me and ran whatever she could to me. She took my hand



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"BELL HAS COMED HAME. MY HAIRN HAS COMED BACK TO ME AT LAST."

and syne looked up in my face as trustful-like as if she had kenned me all her days.

"Here, mannie," she cried, "come and wauken my minnie to me, for I canna. She winna hearken when wee Elsie speaks to her!"

Hand in hand we went up to the puir thing, and even as I gaed a great fear gripped me by the heart. For the woman sat still even when my step must have sounded in her ear. I laid my hand on her, and, as I am a living man, she was clay-cauld. The bairn looked ever up into my face.

"Can you no wauken my mither, either?" she said, wistfully.

"No," says I. "No, my puir wee lassie!" For, truth to tell, I kenned not what to say.

"Will minnie never wauken?" she asked again, bright as a button.

"I fear not, bonnie lassie," said I, and the tear was in my eye.

Then the elf clappit her hands and danced like a yellow butterfly over the lea.

"Then she willna greet ony mair! She willna be hungry ony mair. She will never need bite o' meat nor thread o' claes forever mair." She lilted the words almost as if she had been singing a tune. "She will be richt pleased, my minnie. For oh, sir, she grat sair and often. She carried me in her arms till her ain feet were hurtit and she could gang nae farther. Late yestreen she sat doon here to wash them and I sat too, and after that she cuddled me in her arms. Mannie, are ye no richt glad for my minnie?"

And as we stood there looking at the woman, sitting with her face on her hands, what should happen but that the auld miser should come hirpling to the door, and there too, looking over his shoulder, was Daft Jeremy, that the village bairns were wont to pook at and call the "Mounster."

"What hae ye there, gipsy Jock?" the old man cried, shaking his stick at me. "Keep awa frae my door wi' your doxies and flichterin' changeling bairns."

But I was civil to him for his age's sake and also because of the witless man that was looking over his shoulder. For it is not good to cross such as the Lord has smitten in their understanding.

"It is a woman, Laird Kinmont," quoth I, "that hath set herself down to die by your burnside."

"Die?" cried he with a queer scream most like a frightened hen flying down off the baulks—"whatna word is that to speak? A woman dead by my burnside—what richt had she there? Wha has ta'en sic a liberty we' Hobby Kinmont?"

"Nay, that you can come and see for yoursel'," said I, a little nettled at the carle's hardness of heart. So the auld miser, bent and stiff, came hirpling bare-head down the path, and behind him, looking most uncanny, danced Daft Jeremy, combing his hair with a weaver's heckle and muttering to himself. The morning sunshine fell fair on this strange couple, and when she saw him the little maid let go my hand and ran to Laird Kinmont. She would have taken his hand, but he pushed her off. Whereat being nothing affronted, the witch caught at his stick and pulled it away from him before he could resist. Then she gat astride and played horse with it on the green grass of the burnside dell. It was like an incantation.

But without heeding her the old man went to the woman, and lifting up her head looked steadfastly in her face.

"God in his heaven be merciful," he cried—"it is my ain dochter Bell!"

Then the "naiteral" laughed loud and long, and, wrapping his heckle in a wisp of paper, he played a tune upon it with his mouth, dancing round and crying: "There's her richt for ye—ye said she hadna richt, Laird Kinmont! Ye were that hard ye wadna gie the fremit woman room to die at your dykeside. But Bell has come hame to claim her ain. Coffin and clay—coffin and clay! Sax foot o' clean kirkyard sods! Faith, I wish a' Daft Jeremy's enemies had the same, nae mair and nae less. But it's as weel as it is, Laird Kinmont—for Jeremy canna be doin' with grown women about the hoose o' Breckonside. And it's him that has the say noo, ye ken!"

But the old man answered nothing, good nor ill. He only stood and looked down at his daughter, muttering words that sounded like "Bell has comed hame. My bairn has comed back to me at last!"

So in time the miser buried his daughter decently, and took the lass hame to bring up. But when this came to be talked of in the countryside, there was a well-to-do woman in Dumfries toon, a Mistress Comly or Comline, that was some kin to Bell Kinmont through her ain mother, and when she heard of the puir bit bairn shut up in that lanesome house with only an auld miser and a daft man, she had heart pity on her, and as soon as she had shut her shop one Saturday afternoon, off she sets to Breck-onside in a pony-cart that she used to bring her goods up from the Port.

It was but a cauldride welcome she gat at the white house of Breck-onside, but sorrow a bit Margate Comline cared for that. She tied up her sonsy beast, that was, like hersel', fat as pats of butter, to the yettpost of the old miser's garden. And syne, when he came to the door himself, she did not take a minute in telling the auld runt her business plump and plain.

"I hae comed to ask ye to pit awa' that daft man," she said, "and get a decent woman for a housekeeper, Laird Kinmont."

"Meanin' yoursel', Margar't Comline," interrupted the miser, with a cunning smirk. He had shut the door in her face, and was conducting negotiations through a crack.

"Me be your housekeeper?" cried the visitor—"me that is a rate-payer and a

well-considered indweller in the burgh o' Dumfries? Man, I wadna cross your doorstep though ye were Provost. But I hear that ye hae this bit bairn in the hoose, and a lassie-bairn too (that's full cousin's dochter to mysel'). I hae come to tell ye that it is neither Christian nor decent to bring up the wee thing but-and-ben wi' a kened 'naiteral' like Daft Jeremy, that has twice been tried for his life for the sheddin' o' bluid!"



Drawn by
Thomas
Fogarty.

"YOUR GRANDFAATHER, THE AULD
MISER, . . . WILL BE PROOD
TO SEE YE."

From behind the closed inner door of the cot-house there came a high-pitched angry cry that garred the very blood run chill as ice in Margate Comline's veins. I mean that the thought of it did afterward. For at the time she just looked about her to see that Donald, her pony, was not so far away, and that the road was

clear to the light market-cart in case that she had to make a break for it.

It was the voice of the man wanting wit crying out to be at her that she heard.

"She has ta'en frae me my guid name," his words reached her through the very stone and lime of the house, "and she wad tak' the bonny siller oot o' your black kist that you and Jeremy herd sae carefully. Gie the woman the bit lassie-bairn, Laird Kinmont, and let her be gaun. For less winna serve her, and forbye, a bairn is nocht but an expense and an eatin' up o' guid meat in ony man's hoose!"

And while the din was at its height in the cot, there came a sound to Mistress Comline's ear that garred her kind heart loup within her. It was like the whimpering of a bairn that is ill-used and dares not cry out loud. And with that she forgat her fear of the strange "naiteral," Daft Jeremy, and with her naked hands she shook the door of the cot-house of Breckonside till the iron stinchel clattered in its ring.

"The magistrates o' Dumfries shall ken o' this or I am a day aulder," she cried in to them. "Gie me oot the lassie or the preventive men shall hear o' the barrels ye hae hidden in the yaird. Supervisor Imrie shall be here and search every inch high and low if ye lay as muckle as a finger on the innocent wean!"

And even as she cried out threatenings and shook the stout oaken door so that the leaves almost fell asunder, Margaret Comline heard a noise behind her, and whipped about quickly with her heart in her mouth, for she thought it was Daft Jeremy come out to slay her.

But instead, it was the wee lass herself that had escaped by a kind of miracle through the window of the "aumry," or pantry-closet. For Laird Kinmont had it closed with a board, grudging the expense of glass. The lass was greeting and laughing at the same time—feared to the marrow of her bits of bones, but yet crouse withal. Mistress Comline marveled to see her.

"I hae left the stead o' my teeth in his hand, I wot!" she said, as Mistress Comline helped her into the light cart at the roadside.

"And see what I brocht wi' me," she

added as they drove away. It was a shagreen-leather pocket-book like those which well-to-do farmers carry, or rich English drovers that come to the cattle trysts to buy for the English market. And Mistress Comline, struck with fear lest she should be detected as a thief, would have turned back. But that at that very moment, out of the door of the cot there burst a terrifying figure—even Daft Jeremy himself, a great flesher's knife uplifted in his hand. He was scraiching out words without meaning, and looked so fleysome that the decent woman e'en slipped the shagreen purse into her reticule basket and laid whiplash to Donald till that pampered beast must have thought that the punishment of all his sins had overtaken him at once.

The "naiteral" pursued after them to the very entering in of Dumfries town. And never had Margate Comline, decent woman, been so glad to recognize his Majesty's authority as when she saw Supervisor Imrie with two-three of his men come riding out upon the green grass of the Terregglas Braes. But she only gave them a good-day in passing, and bade them "beware o' that puir 'naiteral,' Daft Jeremy, that was in one o' his fits o' anger that day."

"Sic a craitur should be in the Tow-booth. He is a danger to the lieges!" said Supervisor Imrie; adding more cautiously—"that is, were it no that he wad be a ccess on the burgh and parish!"

When Mistress Comline gat to her own door she first delivered Donald into the hands of her serving-prentice, Robin Garmorie, as stout and blythe a lad as ever walked the Plainstones. But the wee lass she took by the hand up to her own chamber, and there she stripped her to the skin and washed her and put fine raiment on her, new from the shop—aye, and did not rest from her labors till she had gathered every auld rag that she found on her and committed them to the flames, as if they had been art and part in the wizardry of Laird Kinmont, her grandfather, and the coming ill-repute of the white cot-house on the brae-face of Breckonside.

For at that time it was never suspected by what dread means it came to pass that auld miser Hobby had grown so passing

rich, nor yet the bond that was between him and his strange housemate and crony, Daft Jeremy. But had Mistress Comline examined what was contained in the shagreen pocket-book, she might have come nearer to the truth than an entire bench of magistrates summoned and set aside for the punishment of evil-doers and the praise of them that do well.

But, fearing she knew not clearly what, she sealed it up in clean white paper and laid it aside in her drawer, saying to herself: "If this be honestly come by, the laird is no the man to forget to ca' in for his ain. And if no——" Here a shake of the head and a shrewd smile intimated that the contents of the pocket-book might one day be useful to its finder, little Elsie Comline, as she was now to be named.

"And wha has a better richt?" the shopkeeper would add, perhaps to salve her conscience in the matter.

But, indeed, it was only seldom, the pocket-book once safe in the drawer, that she thought about the matter at all. For Margaret Comline was a busy woman of affairs, having under her serving-lassies and apprentice-boys, a shop on the ground floor of a house in the Vennel, and a well-patronized stall in the market. All day she went to and fro, busily commending her goods and reproving her underlings with equal earnestness and point. Sunday and Saturday the wrinkle was never off her brow. She read but seldom, and when she did her memory retained not long the imprint of what she read. So that our young monkey, Elsie, being fresh from the mischief-making of the grammar-school, where she was drilled with a class of boys, used to shift the marker of woven silk back ten pages or so in the godly book over which her foster-mother fell asleep on Sabbath afternoons. By which means Mistress Comline was induced to peruse the same improving passage at least fifty times in the course of a year, yet without for a moment suspecting the fact.

For all that, she saw to it that Elsie did her nightly school tasks, recommending the master to "palmie" her well if she should ever come to school unprepared. But, being a quick and ready learner, the young lass needed the less encouragement of that kind.

As she grew older, too, Elsie would, upon occasions, serve a customer in the shop, though Margaret Comline never allowed her to stand on the street among the babble of tongues at the market-stalls. In a little time she could distinguish the hanks of yarn and thread, the webs of wincey and bolts of linen, as well as her mistress, and was counted a shrewd and capable hand at a bargain before she was fifteen.

All this time her grandfather, the old miser Hobby, lived on in the little white house up among the fir woods of Breckonside, growing ever harder and richer, at least according to the clashes of the country folk. By day, and sometimes far into the night, the click of the shuttle was never silent, and, being an old man, it was thought a marvel how he could sit so long at his loom. And still Daft Jeremy abode with him and filled his pirls. Sometimes the "naiteral" would sit on the dyke-top at the end of the cottage and laugh at the farmers as they rode by, crying names and unco words after them, so that many shunned to pass that way in the gloaming, for fear of the half-witted, strong creature that mopped and mowed and danced at the lonely gable-end.

But when Riddick of Langbarns broke his neck-bone within half a mile of Laird Kinmont's loaning, and less than a month after that, Lang Hutchin was fand, one snowy Sabbath morn, lying dead with never a mark on his body save that his face was twisted out of all image of mankind and his een terrible to see, there were those who began to whisper fearsome things about the innocent-appearing white cot at the top of the Lang Wood of Breckonside.

Yet there were others again, and they a stout-hearted majority, who scoffed and told how Riddick had been seen in market carrying more than his load of whisky, and that as for Lang Hutchin, had he not dared his Maker for every day to strike him dead if he spoke not the truth—all that heard him well knowing that even as he uplifted his hand he lied in his throat?

Nor was Elsie wholly forgotten by her only near of kin. Twice or thrice a year there came from the cottage a web of fine cloth, woven as only Laird Kinmont could weave it, with the inscription written

plainly thereon, "To be sold for the benefit of the upkeep of my granddaughter, Elsie Kinmont or MacHamish," the latter being the name of the Highland sergeant who in past years had charmed the heart of the dead woman, Bell, so that she counted it a light thing to leave her father's hearthstone to follow the tuck of drum.

Which seeing, Mistress Comline would toss her head and explode in incontinent scorn. "MacSkirmish, indeed—the deil flee awa' wi' a' the Hieland MacSkirmishes atween Cape Wrath and the Links o' Forth. They are no worth yae decent burgess o' Dumfries that tak's doon his shutters in the mornin' and counts up his bawbees in the even!"

So as often as Elsie offended her patroness and did the thing she ought not, it was by this name of obloquy that Mistress Comline called her.

"Here, MacSkirmish—do ye caa' thae pitaties scrapit? There is dirt eneuch on them to fyle Nith Water for a month. But what can yin expeck frae the dochter o' a wild Hieland reiver? Tak' your wabs o' claith and be traveling up the brae. Your grandfather, the auld miser, and his familiar, the daft man, will be prood to see ye, I dare say, since this decent woman's law-abidin' hoose is no guid eneuch for MacSkirmishes and the likes o' them!"

Words such as these were mostly spoken after the wilful maid had taken her own way and gone to visit her grandfather in the cot at the head of the Long Wood. For, to do him justice, the old miser was unweariedly kind to Elsie, and the maid's heart was often wae for the lonely man weaving by his lone in the half-darkness where the great beams of the loom almost blocked the light out of the narrow cottage windows.

Mostly Daft Jeremy would vanish at her approach, though sometimes he would squat on the hearth looking at her for hours together as if he feared that she came to carry away something that of right belonged to him. He had a flute whereon he blew strains that were not of this earth, yet which had a certain harmony and rhythm in them, too, like the "chanties" of demons that stoke the fires of hell.

These things Elsie did because (as she told herself) "blood is thicker than water."

And also, perhaps, because Breckonside Wood is a long wood and Breckonside Brae a long brae, and there were many chances that one Will McQueen, the Provost's son, late dux of the grammar-school, and Elsie's most constant admirer, would meet her under its shades, as it might be by accident, and convoy her home again in the gloaming.

It chanced, late one Saturday afternoon, when the August fields stood almost ripe to the harvest (for it had been an early year on Nithside), that Elsie took her way slowly up the Lang Wood to see her grandfather. Daft Jeremy had brought the message in the morning, and her guardian had noted with surprise that he looked "mair spruce than ordinair'."

"Are ye to be marriet, Jeremy?" Mistress Comline had asked over the counter. She was in good humor, having just completed a keenly contested bargain to her satisfaction.

"Aye," cried Jeremy, executing a double shuffle on the shop floor; "and see, mistress, I hae bocht a bonny fiddle to dance to at the wedding!"

And sure enough, the daft creature took a fiddle and bow out of a brown paper parcel under his arm, and jigged uncouthly round to the sound of his own music till the hastily angered huxter ordered him out of the shop.

"And, sure as daith," said Mistress Comline, retailing the matter to her own particular gossip, "the craitur gaed doon the Vennel bowin' on his fiddle and lauchin' fit to raise the hair aff your crown!"

Now this good benefactress of Elsie's, though kindly of intent and of a heart that was sound as a bell, had sundry tempers of her own, which were most liable to take her on Saturdays. The perversity of "thae Dumfries bodies" who, with the whole week wherein to do business, would persist in putting off till they "cam" the nearest to breakin' the Lord's day," spoiled her temper on the seventh day of the week. It is small wonder, then, that Elsie gladly snatched at the chance which fortune and Daft Jeremy offered her of escaping from the rigors of Mrs. Comline into the caller aisles of the Lang Wood, to say nothing of the chance that—well, that she might meet

with company there more to a young maid's mind than chaffering guidwives.

But it so chanced that Master Will McQueen had also come across the Higher Power that afternoon, and, less fortunate than his sweetheart, was left without excuse for taking an airing in the Lang Wood. His father, either ill satisfied with his ordinary diligence or suspecting that love-making was in the young man's mind, set him early in the day to the long labor of re-marking and checking all the goods in the shop on a brand-new system of his own. Whereat Master Will chafed and fumed, bit his lip, dabbed viciously at the paper with his quill, cursing his father and the fates that bound him untimely to his desk, when, as had been intimated to him, a certain girlish figure would be walking slowly (and it might be expectantly) under the hazel boughs of the Lang Wood.

So it chanced that, in spite of many backward glances over her shoulder, Elsie found herself still solitary, surmounting the Green Brae. She walked the last steps of the way quickly, for she was angered with

Will. What business had he to keep her waiting on him? Not that she cared—it was not likely that she would care. Still, as she came a little nearer to her destination, and heard the weird wail of the witless man's fiddle within, which

suddenly ceased in the middle of a bar, Elsie Kinmont owned to herself that it would have been indeed a comforting thought if, while she was inside, she could have known that Will McQueen was biting his fingernails with impatience behind the drystone dyke at the loaning foot.

However, it was not to be on this occasion. There was no tall form, clad in blue from top to toe, seen hurrying up the road across which the slant evening shadows were creeping like checkerwork on a plaid.

So, drawing a long breath, and resolving in her heart to stay as short a time as possible, Elsie set foot on the clean blue flagstone of the door-step. Perhaps by the time she came out Master Will would be there—not that she would speak to him. She would show him that he could not behave to her after this fashion with impunity.



Dresses by Thomas Fogarty

"DANCE, MISSIE, AND I WILL PLAY YE THE BONNY MUSIC."

Standing on the door-step, she listened. It was strange, she thought, that she did not hear the click of her grandfather's shuttle. She had never come that way before on any working-day from dawn to dark that she had not heard the steady wheeze of the loom and the click-clack which told that the miser was at his endless task.

But now a curious, uneasy silence brooded over the cot, and with a sudden throb of the heart, Elsie realized that she was alone, and that Will and the heartsome town were a very long way off indeed.

But she could not turn back now. She tapped ever so lightly, telling herself that if it was not answered, she would turn and run straight home again. But almost ere the first faint rap had fallen on the blistered blue paint, the door opened and the face of Daft Jeremy appeared in the opening. He held his fiddle in one hand and with the other he beckoned the girl confidentially within.

Even then she would have turned and fled, but something in the "naiteral's" eye held her—something bright and living and daunting. She stepped over the door-step quickly and daintily, as indeed she did all things.

"Where is my grandfather?" she said.

The "innocent" jerked his elbow in the direction of the "ben" room, where stood the loom at which the miser had worked so many years.

"Is he at work? I do not hear him," said Elsie, making as if she would pass. But Daft Jeremy stretched out his great hairy paw between her and the door, and a sudden spasm of anger crossed his features. The next moment it had passed, and he grinned down in her face with loutish cunning.

"Wheesht," he said, holding up his finger, "ye maunna disturb him—he's makkin' his wull! Thoosands and thoosands of pounds—you an' me are to be his heirs. He wadna trust the lawyer bodies; na, na—they wad hae pitten it by puir Jeremy. Jeremy that made it a' for the Laird—Jeremy that watched ahint dykes or amang the trees o' the Lang Wood mony a drear winter's nicht—Jeremy that struck the stroke and howkit the hole! Wha should hae the siller—a' the bonny gow-

den guineas that him and me countit on this table—if it werena Jeremy? And you, my bonny young lamb, ye shall hae them too. For this is to be oor marriage nicht, yours and mine!"

With a gasp of fear, Elsie rose from the seat and strove to reach the door of the inner room.

"I will go to my grandfather; I must see him," she said, breathlessly. "Let me pass!"

But Daft Jeremy, with the strange black glitter of madness in his eye, stood between her and the latch of the door.

Then quite suddenly Elsie lost her presence of mind.

"Grandfather! Grandfather!" she cried aloud. "Come, I want you!"

And with her little hand she pushed against the breast of the maniac. But he set her aside, as one brushes a moth away, with one hand, and passing the other round her shoulders covered her mouth tightly.

"Did I no tell you to be quiet?" he hissed in her ear. "Do as I bid ye then. The Laird is no to be disturbit at his wark!"

Then the dreadful thought came to Elsie that she was trapped and at the mercy of this wild beast. But with the thought came the calmness of resolve. There was nothing for it but to humor him till, as was likely, Will McQueen would arrive, or her benefactress would send in search of her.

After watching Elsie suspiciously awhile, the man-wanting-wit took up his fiddle and began to play, if that could be called playing which contained scarcely a strain of mortal music. Only here and there the lilt of an air emerged, or suggestions of reels and strathspeys, songs and quick-steps; but all hopeless and weariful like music played by demons in the Place of Ill to taunt the damned with the ghosts of happy memories.

And there, in the deepening gloaming, mercifully long and clear, the girl sat and nodded approval, listening for a footfall without or a stir in the room within which her grandfather sat, if the madman spoke truth, drawing up his will.

Suddenly Daft Jeremy threw down the fiddle.

"What am I thinkin' on?" he cried. "Ye'll no hae had your 'fower hours,' bonny lassie! Bide ye here till I fetch a peat or twa frae the hoose-end."

Hope dawned anew in Elsie's breast. She smiled brightly upon him.

"I will get down the tea-caddy," she said, and looked along the mantelpiece for it. But again the angry, threatening look flashed across the maniac's face.

"Na, na, bide ye where ye are, lassie. In the hoose o' Breckonside guid bairns do as they are bid. What's in the tea-caddy is no yours yet. It belongs to Jeremy—and *him*."

He pointed to the shut door of the silent "ben-room" with his finger.

After standing in this attitude awhile, he opened the outer door, and going out closed it behind him again. Elsie heard the click of the lock. Then, without a moment's hesitation, she ran to the "ben-room" and lifted the latch. The door was fast.

"Grandfather — open — open — quick! It's me, your Elsie, your ain Elsie!"

But there was no answering movement within. No reply came from the loom, only from the gable-end she could hear the noise of peats flung rudely into a leathern "wecht," and the senseless crooning of Daft Jeremy as he went about his work of fetching peat.

However, she noticed that a ray of light streamed through a crack, and kneeling down Elsie perceived her grandfather sitting at his loom. His brow was bent forward upon the beam, and between his hunched shoulders something showed black against the red western sunset. It seemed in shape like the haft of a knife. The girl kept her reason as she gazed. Perhaps the fighting stock from which, on her father's side, she came, helped her in her hour of need.

She heard the murderer (as she did not doubt that he was) returning. He crooned a weariful song as he fitted the key into the lock. Then she prayed as she had never prayed before for Will to come to save her. Yet no—she thought with fear of what the madman might do to Will, falling upon him unarmed and unsuspecting.

But all the same she rose mechanic-

ally and made up the fire to boil the kettle.

And as she went about the house, Daft Jeremy kept following her with his eyes greedily.

"After a', ye are a bonny lassie," he said; "you and me will do fine yet. We will be rich and ride in oor carriage. Yon man doon the hoose wadna gie me the siller that was my richt. He denied me a single pound note to buy a fiddle—me that brocht it to him purse by purse—a' except the shagreen ane that was lost."

Then, dazed and affrighted, the girl sat shuddering while Jeremy with laughter and slapping of thigh reeled off the terrible tale of how his master and he had made a murder-trap of the Lang Wood, carefully selecting their victims, marking them down beforehand, drovers from Ireland and the Shire, unknown Englishmen riding to other distant markets. He related how Laird Kimmont had bidden him spring upon them unawares in the dark—how their strength was of no avail in his hands, and how the murderous pair had brought goods and gear home to the white cot-house on the brae-face of Breckonside.

"And yet, after a' that, he refused me a pound note to buy a fiddle to play a spring on at my own weddin'!" he concluded, looking at the closed door of the weaving-room with a dark and threatening brow.

Then, as if a thought had suddenly stung him, he took from a corner cupboard a pair of pistols, primed them and laid them on the table before him. Then he nodded to Elsie.

"Dance!" he cried, with sudden vehemence; "dance, ye lazy hizzie. Ye shall gang the same road as your gran'daddy if ye cross Daft Jeremy. Do ye think to lichtly me that am to be your wedded husband? Dance, missie, and I will play ye the bonny music!"

And there, on the blue whinstone flags of the cottage floor, Elsie Kimmont danced for her life, hour after hour as the shadows deepened and the shaft of light ceased from the crack in the door of the "ben-room"—the room which contained she knew not what of strange and terrible—her dead grandfather for one thing with the haft of a knife in his back.

And ever as the maniac tired of one tune Elsie called for another, and danced on to the sound of the fiddle sweeping out through the wood in eerie gusts, and to the yet weirder accompaniment of the laughter of the madman.

When at last the moon rose, large and full, over the dark pines of the Lang Wood, Elsie was still dancing, pale and weary-footed, smiling with her lips but with despair in her heart. Then all at once, suddenly dropping his fiddle, the maniac cried, "Sing! Am I to do all the work?" And Elsie, with her eyes on the long moonlit avenue which led through the wood up to the cot-house, lifted up her voice and sang of the sadness that dwells in Yarrow. It was the first song that came into her mind:

"Oh, Willie's rare and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny,
And Willie hecht to mairry me,
Giu ever he mairried ony."

She put all her fear-stricken heart into the words. They seemed to leap out on the night with tragic appeal. And with a quick nerve-jerking hope Elsie saw a figure cross the loaming and vanish as if it ran from tree to tree. Life stirred within her when she had counted herself as good as dead, and she sang ever the louder. The mad murderer held up his hand to stop her. His quick ear, or some suspicious instinct, had caught a sound without. He drew a sheath-knife from his pocket and opened it with a snap. "This will be quieter than a pistol," he said. Then, going on tiptoe, he slipped silently to the door. She could hear him breathing behind it. The next moment it was open and he was out. Elsie snatched the loaded pistols he had left on the table before him and pursued after. He would kill Willie—that was what was in her thought. She was sure it was he. She cried out to warn him.

About the house came the panting chase. It was indeed Willie McQueen, who ran, unarmed and helpless, scarce a dozen steps from the uplifted knife of the slayer.

"Into the house, Willie!" she cried, stepping down from the threshold to let him pass. There was no time for thought. Elsie thrust one of the pistol barrels against the pursuer's chest. Without in-

tention she pressed the trigger, and the next moment, with a terrible scream of agony, Daft Jeremy fell forward, making a clang of steel on the whinstone of the door-step.

Then, leaving the dead man with his forehead cold upon his weaver's beam, and the dying murderer lying where he had fallen across the threshold, the pair of young folks fled down the avenue of the wood, half crazed with the multiplied terrors of the night.

And as they ran hand in hand, Elsie said pantingly and in agony of soul, "Oh, Willie, Willie, I hae killed a man!"

Then, as all atremble they reached the lights of the Brig-End, she added, "But God will forgive me, for I did it to save you, Willie!"

In the days which followed, the cot-house of Breckonside was rased stone from stone by the infuriated people. The miser's ill-gotten hoards were handed over to the officers of the law, and all the murderous traffic exposed by which Laird Kinmont had so long used the madman as his instrument to gather in his spoils.

The two bodies even were refused Christian burial, being thrown as they were found in a pit at the gable-end of the fatal ruins. Even the road itself was carried another way, so great was the horror folk had of passing the graves of the weaver laird and his henchman Daft Jeremy, the murderers of the Lang Wood.

As for Willie and Elsie, no long time passed before they had crossed the sea together, that the disgrace of the dead might not cling to their children after them. And with them went Mistress Margate Comline, who settled up her business in Dumfries, with the intent that (as she declared) "she might be spared to guide the footsteps o' twa foolish young folk into the paths o' peace and pleasantness."

But, even in a foreign land and among a fremit folk, Willie and Elsie never speak of the night when she danced for her own life, and slew a man to save her sweetheart's, under the pines of the Lang Wood of Breckonside.

And that (concluded Silver Sand), when you come to think of it, is a thing little to be wondered at.



BSERVERS have often noted the curious way in which the Anglo-Saxon press takes up an innocent subject, which was strictly attending to its own business, and shakes it to death like a rat. I know of no cause which drew the attention of the newspapers this summer to the teaching of modern languages in England, but they have been full of it, and the "Times," in particular, has published columns upon columns of letters from indignant, eager or merely ignorant correspondents. I have no intention of summing up the controversy, in which I have taken but a languid interest, nor of analyzing what I have merely glanced at very summarily. Yet one point did strike me, in casting my eyes down the letters addressed to the "Times," which serves me as a starting-point for a rather different disquisition. It struck me, then, that the people who wrote so copiously were almost exclusively of two orders—they wrote either from the commercial or from the narrowly educational standpoint. That is to say, the only classes to whom it seemed to be supposed that the study of foreign languages should offer any attraction were the traders and the school-masters.

Now, the interest of tongues to the first of these is obvious. We need, in order to enjoy the advantages of foreign markets for our goods, to know what foreign people wish to receive. To neglect this is, practically, to shut up shop. This, then, we may accede to, and leave behind us. We turn to the schoolmaster, and ask why he is interested in foreign languages. Largely. I am afraid—if I may judge by

the letters to the newspapers—that he may teach somebody to teach somebody else, and so on ad infinitum. Here, perhaps, we touch a danger in the educational systems of to-day—that they are aimed at teaching for teaching's sake, their ideal being, in fact, a society in which everybody shall be either a schoolmaster or a pupil, and the pupil (or pupa) have no higher hope than in process of time to develop into the schoolmaster (or imago). We seem to have reached a parallel with that famous island in the Indian Ocean where the inhabitants lived by "taking in one another's washing." But here, as in the trader's case, some utility, but surely no pleasure, is offered to us if we will study foreign languages. We may sell our cotton goods better and we may teach little boys more quickly. Excellent aims, but the soul seems to crave something finer. Yet nothing more exciting was suggested, so far as I saw, in the whole of that controversial correspondence on the teaching of modern languages which has not even yet meandered quite to its close.

It seemed surprising to one who in his humble way has been trying all his life to keep in touch with European thought, and who owes to doing so some of the greatest intellectual pleasures in his experience—it seemed surprising to me that no voice should, in so vast a cloud of witness, be raised to give report of the pleasure to be added to life by the study of modern languages. Utility is well, but even educational utility is not everything. There must still be some amongst us who submit to be taught, not that they may teach again, but that they may enjoy. On

the subject of the apparent decay in our appreciation of this stimulus I should like to say a few words, and also on the fluctuations of the Anglo-Saxon mind, during the last quarter of a century, in relation to this particular kind of mental pleasure. I propose to ask in what spirit, not directly utilitarian, we are now regarding the study of foreign languages and literature.

In respect to this question, if I may venture to judge, England and America are in one camp, and the nations of Continental Europe in the other. It is not necessary to ask an intelligent inhabitant of Norway or Portugal what is the value to him of being able to read German. It is not needful to ask a Russian or a German why he is careful to read French. The same people would have a much greater difficulty in explaining why, if at all, they read current English. As a matter of fact, for purposes of refreshment and stimulus, they do not read it at all. The existing world of letters in England and America is not known to Continental readers, except in some measure to the French, who, with all the obscurity with which we traditionally credit them, are, on the whole, the best-equipped students of current foreign thought now extant. French criticism, the best French scholars, the most cultivated French newspapers, are to-day remarkably well posted up in most branches of foreign literature. I will give one instance—the supplementary pages of that remarkable monthly review, the "*Mercure de France*," contain a far better summary of the movement of intellect and art throughout the world than is to be found in any American or English periodical; than is to be found—I am tempted to say—in all American and English periodicals put together. The French are alone in this, that they do make an effort—imperfect and purblind as it may often be—to know what movements are proceeding in the spheres of international thought.

But, putting France aside, the rest of the Continent of Europe has apparently ceased, in particular within the last ten years, to express the slightest interest in Anglo-Saxon literature. The Germans have a genius for encyclopedias, and the latest editions of their leading manuals are astonishingly full of exact detail about the

movement of books and authors, not merely in countries like Italy and Russia, but in Norway, Holland and Spain. Take one of the most recent of these elaborate "*konversations-lexicons*," and you will be astonished to note the exact fullness with which foreign literatures are treated up to this very year of grace. But you will be not less surprised, and perhaps painfully, at the studied neglect shown to the Anglo-Saxon world in these works of reference. An unprejudiced observer from another planet would carry away the idea that America was far behind Spain in the province of the intellect, and the current literature of Sweden more important than that of England. Throughout the Continent it will be found that the critics are much more up-to-date about the literatures of all other European countries than they are about that of England, which seems to repel and to bewilder them.

It is well that we should have no illusions in this matter. Somebody said in the eighteenth century that when Europe looked through the intellectual telescope she invariably turned it upon England. At the beginning of the twentieth century that telescope is never—except by certain Frenchmen—turned upon England at all. That enormous aid which the knowledge of English gave to Rousseau in his work of transforming the sympathies and thought of France would be lacking now to a German or Russian or Scandinavian reformer, because, whatever use he made of his telescope, he would never dream of focusing it upon London or New York. The correlation of the small cultures, and their independence of all stimulus which does not come from the Continent of Europe, is very curious, and, in my judgment, has been strangely overlooked. It has grown during the last few years so rapidly, and so exclusively, that it seems to be worthy of notice from a political point of view. Taine dwelt on the ethnological character of literature, and said that each nation would always find something to express which would be of interest only to itself. But in the short years which divide us from Taine much has happened, and now it seems as though Continental Europe had broken down the ethnological barriers and had formed an intellectual commonwealth from

which England and America only are excluded.

This condition of things on the Continent, so new and so curiously opposed to the tradition of earlier times, has the effect of cutting England and America away from the rest of the world to a degree which may be dangerous and must be disquieting. Yet, oddly enough, it is scarcely noticed, because an exactly similar process has set in among ourselves. Each year closes our Anglo-Saxon society more and more completely against the infiltration of foreign ideas, and leaves our race more and more dependent on itself for its intellectual refreshment and the correction of its mental errors. There is no doubt about it that this is a direct outcome of the "imperial" idea, which has in such rapid and such momentous forms come to the front in England and America. "We don't care to know what foreigners think," is a phrase forever on the lips of those about us. And its corollary is, "Oh, if they want to teach us anything, they must learn English, and we will see whether it is worth our notice." This takes for granted the fact that if a foreigner has anything to impart, he will be only too glad to divulge it to an English-speaking person.

But we have seen—and the evidence could be heaped up without limit—that foreigners are not in the least anxious to impress the English mind. The supposition that they "must learn English" is preposterous and out-of-date. They have an immense audience of their own, which quite satisfies them. In a German compendium of learning, published this year, dealing with the condition of literature throughout the world, I read that the "pathless chaos" of thought in England (and America is included) is so great in these recent years that Germans, while careful to follow what is written, not merely in France, but in Russia, Belgium and Norway, may safely neglect England, which offers nothing interesting or stimulating, except the strange and vivid chauvinism of Mr. Kipling. This last element is not one at all encouraging for the purposes of bridging over the gulf of which I speak. The incessant glorification of the national idea, which has taken forms radically so similar in America and in Eng-

land, is exquisitely distasteful to the Continent. It is to them like a detestable odor, from which it seems impossible to escape. It is as odious to the venerable Mommsen as to the youngest poet of a university club. To the foreign mind Kipling seems a vial or smelling-bottle in which this horrible smell is concentrated. The German or Northman reads him with fascinated horror, shuddering with dislike, and supposes that all other Anglo-Saxon writers of the day are of the same class, only less forcibly; in short, that every one of us, English and Americans alike, would be Kiplings if we could. Which is true only in a very modified sense!

This alternate antagonism threatens to divide the world into two intellectual halves. For we must not allow ourselves for one moment to suppose that the fault—if fault it be—is all on the foreign side.

When we have collected examples, as we easily can, of the contemptuous disregard of all Anglo-Saxon forms of recent literary art by the German mind, we may turn the tables upon ourselves, and ask what we know of German literature to-day. A hundred years ago, English students, from Coleridge and Wordsworth downward, were eagerly introducing German literary ideals and the new Teutonic masterpieces to English readers. What is practically appreciated to-day, in London or in the United States, of the prominent writers of the hour in Berlin? Nothing at all. There is no book known to me, published in the English language, in which any inkling of the movements of contemporary German literature is even suggested. The most eminent lyric poet of the German Empire is understood to be Detlev von Liliencron, a man approaching sixty years of age. Who can point me to a volume in the English language where any intelligible account is given of the genius of this writer? Who amongst us has followed the career of the novelist Theodor Fontane? Who can tell us anything about Max Kretzer? The answer is another query: Who among the Germans has a lucid idea in connection with the names of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy? A chasm of the imagination lies between the two great races, and no one dreams of building a bridge across it.

If we have to admit this, we have also to admit that the abyss has been noiselessly increasing with the greatest rapidity. It is mainly a product of the last ten years; it is a phenomenon which has vastly increased in significance since 1895. Twenty years earlier than that, the intercommunication of ideas between the Anglo-Saxon and the Continental mind went on steadily. There were bridges everywhere; new ones were forever being started. It was a commonplace that the national literature of each modern country was insufficient, by itself, to express all the feelings of a complex society. We took it to be an axiom that to know our friends and our enemies is to be forearmed—that without some such knowledge there was no real security. The material necessities had been the earliest objects of international curiosity. It was hoped that after the terrible events of 1870-71 the world would take a broader and a more intelligent view; and for some time it really did take it.

If the effect of this growing isolation is brought to the notice of an intelligent American or Englishman, who is without unusual prejudice, it is my experience that he will often deprecate the importance of it. He will agree that it exists, but he will question that it is of any real moment. He will ask you whether it is not easy to exaggerate the value of foreign mental products, and whether it is particularly important that we should "keep in touch" with a country so far out of sympathy with our intellectual life as Northern Germany. He admits that we do not know what the movement of thought and imagination may be in the literary circles of that civilization, but he endures our insular ignorance without vexation. The novel of Continental Europe, for instance, is no doubt very different from the Anglo-Saxon novel, but is it any better? Is it not, in all probability, as narrow as our own, or narrower, only with a different species and direction in its narrowness? No doubt—such an objector says—it is still to be desired that we should know something of what is said and written by the French. But surely all other civilizations are on a different plane. While we are trying to cultivate the Norwegian or the Spanish mind, we may miss something far healthier

and more salient at home. In other and directer phrase, we may go farther and fare worse.

These are the arguments in the mouths of moderate and sensible opponents of exotic study, and what they bring forward is worthy of attention. There is much to be said for the cry of Clough's hero, "O let me love my love unto myself alone!" But we need to be sure that there is a real sentiment of love for matters of the mind behind the excuse, and that it is not inspired by mere indolence. I suspect the patriotic mentality that takes credit to itself for not traveling abroad and is then found to spend all its leisure at home in playing golf or bridge.

Let us, however, take up the challenge and supply such answers as we can to the question of "Cui bono?" My first reply would be that it is no argument against attention to Continental modes of literary expression to suggest that they are probably narrow. What we go outside our own circle of experience to enjoy is not in the main a broad aspect of things, but, simply, a different one. We may benefit, in the material way, from a change in diet, without asserting that the food set before us in exile is better cooked or is more varied or more abundant than it is at home. The bodily system finds advantage in the mere difference, in the impact upon it of unfamiliar substances. To the spiritual, as to the physical, well-being of man, change, for its own sake, is very often advantageous; at all events, the absence of all change is almost always distinctly deleterious. I remember in my young days hearing of the case of a clerk who was pining visibly away in vague disease. He lived in lodgings, and every week-day he ate a mutton-chop for his dinner; on Sundays his landlady, who did not know of this habit, cooked him a mutton-chop, as a mode of feeding him easily and nutritiously. The doctors decided that this uniformity was his disease; his digestion was dying of hunger in a wilderness of mutton-chops.

So there can be no doubt that the mind, as an energetic and expansive organism, may starve in the midst of conventional plenty. The same ideas, the same parochial prejudices, the same shrinkings from the unseemly, the same horror of the un-

familiar, cultivated in a narrow circle for a number of years, sterilize the individual mind, and may, I feel convinced, come in time to paralyze the intellect of a nation. By remaining timidly within one little round of ideas, the mind of a man develops a tendency to remain stationary; it loses the power of intellectual expansion, and, after a deadening process of this kind, new wine poured into such an old bottle cracks it miserably by the act of its vigorous fermentation. But the habit of taking in and giving due consideration to ideas of a wholly different class and race prevents this desiccation of the spirit, even though these ideas be in themselves inferior in breadth and value to those which were the natural heritage of the undeveloping mind.

This process of intellectual shrinkage is, I am greatly afraid, not confined to individuals. I cannot but think that in the comparatively short time during which the exclusion of foreign ideas from Anglo-Saxon soil has been more or less rigidly enforced, our national life has become seriously the poorer for it. I know not in what it is the richer, unless it be in a foolish and impotent "patriotism," falsely so called, which is indifferent to the real health and progress of society. It would seem as though the ideal of our blatant literary protectionists was to reduce the universe to a village street of little struggling shopkeepers, with no intelligent ambition outside the limits of the parish. With this comes, as an inevitable result, a loss of the power of critical judgment. An organ in the body never employed, or employed only in a round of conventional exercises, loses some of its functions. It is not able to respond to a perfectly normal, but unfamiliar, appeal which is made to it. So the human mind, closely guarded from all but a narrow and mechanical circle of sympathies, loses its power of forming rational opinion outside that circle. It is stultified by its own timidity; it takes its pretentious ignorance as a hallowed form of mental superiority.

Want of courage is certainly cultivated by our Anglo-Saxon neglect of foreign ideas. What distinguishes the foreign from the English and American mind is unquestionably its boldness of moral specu-

lation, the easy way in which it observes what gives the Anglo-Saxon a fit of hysterics. In this respect, it is probably Heine who is to be regarded as the apostle of untrammelled thought abroad. There is not a literature of the Continent of Europe in which the temperament and example of Heine have not made themselves radically felt. His influence has its effect upon the poetry, the philosophy, the plastic art and the outlook upon nature of every writer from Tobolsk to Tangiers. It will, perhaps, one of these days be recognized universally that the most penetrating perfume of Continental literature in the nineteenth century was supplied to it by Heine, that his liberating spirit unshackled the genius of European thought and expression, and gave it not merely courage but boldness, often an unblushing, brazen boldness.

It is to be doubted whether a sincere appreciation of Heine is possible to any Anglo-Saxon mind that is not unusually enfranchised from our national prejudices. Charles Kingsley was once asked by a member of his family who Heine was. "A bad man, my dear!" was all the answer he vouchsafed. The reply was not very luminous as criticism, but it was preëminently English, and while the rest of Europe was being let out of prison by that entrancing genius of liberty, Matthew Arnold was almost the only English writer of authority who could see anything in him but "a bad man." In Heine's perverse, intense and inexplicable hatred of our race we see the reverse of the medal. We may take it in verse in the "Posthumous Poems," we may take it in prose in the opening sentences of "The Girls and Women of Shakespeare." Narrow he found us, narrow and unexhilarating; hidebound, repulsive, not yet gulped down by the waves only because the sea feared that England swallowed would cause it an indigestion. At every turn Heine stamps on the ground at the thought of an Anglo-Saxon; our race is always the type for him of the prudish and the uncomfortable; "wie eng," he screams, "wie Englisch!"

Unquestionably it is due, in the first place, to Heine's example in lifting his "bolt-scathed front to the stars" that the Continent of Europe has liberated itself

from a certain literary mock-modesty which we continue to cultivate, and in which bewildered foreigners of every other race are blankly unable to see anything whatever but hypocrisy. There is scarcely a work of fiction, for instance, published by a writer of prominence in any living literature of Europe to-day—no novel from Greece, or Holland, or Denmark, or Spain—which could be presented exactly as it is written to the inhabitants of a farm in the West without producing an indignant sense of immodesty. This is not the moment for me to diverge, at the close of a little essay on foreign study, into the rights or wrongs of this difference. But, whether desirable or undesirable, it is quite certain that the millions of readers on the Continent of Europe who discuss the problems of sex in the freedom of European fiction do so with greater courage than the Anglo-Saxon nonconformists, who are so afraid of these problems that they never allow them to be raised at all. It is obvious that if the West were better acquainted with the mind of Europe it might disapprove as much as ever (though this I doubt), but it could not possibly maintain so ridiculous an aspect of being merely "shocked" by the riddles of life.

From what I have said hitherto I have expressly omitted much allusion to France. For France stands, in many respects, in a different category. A great sensation was made the other day by a series of letters in which the Norwegian novelist, Björnson, pointed out that between France and the rest of Europe there was developing, and with remarkable celerity, much such a chasm as I have been noting between the Anglo-Saxons and the Continental Europeans. Björnson's position was very angrily challenged, and the truth of his observations denied, but there was a great deal of force in his allegations. He said nothing (he evidently knew nothing) about English modes of thought, but, if he was right in his theory, we are perhaps faced with a species of tripartition of the intellectual globe; there will be the Anglo-Saxon, the French and the Pan-Germanic orders of mind, and each will soon be perfectly powerless to comprehend any characteristic expression of the other two.

Nothing will be more interesting than

to observe what will be the contribution of France to the intellectual vitality of the twentieth century. In the nineteenth, she was almost uniformly predominant in all the entertaining and refreshing qualities. Her lucidity, her rapidity, the perfect balance she held between the idea and its expression, the exquisite lightness and perfection of her speech, her elegance in gravity, her buoyancy in levity—all these raised her far above all the other nations in her effect upon the nervous system. The general procession of literature in France through those hundred years, from Chateaubriand down to M. Anatole France, is one which seems, when we look back upon it, to fill the world of those days with light and fire, to mark the emancipation of the soul, to spread a romantic glow to the farthest ends of the earth. What a lifting of the torch of the spirit of man in Lamennais, what a reassertion of the tenderest chords of human sentiment in Lamartine, what purity in De Vigny, what energy and manly strenuousness in Prudhon! So the nineteenth century opened in France, and in constellated splendor it swept on, groups of radiance gathering around such particular planets as Victor Hugo and Balzac, Guizot and Michelet, on to those great names which we still deplore, Renan and Taine. If here were not light and leading, where in the history of the world was it to be found?

Certainly, twenty-five years ago no young man beginning to look out upon the intellectual world could afford to ignore what was being invented and thought and dared across the Channel. If he did satisfy himself with native produce, he was bound to do so to his manifest loss. In those days, Matthew Arnold was the prophet of ambitious and cultivated young men in England, and of all the lessons he taught none was more explicit than this, that to attempt to see life through spectacles exclusively British was to see it narrowly and to see it askew. Of my own boyish impressions—the poignant impressions of adolescence—none is more vivid than that of the silencing and burying of Paris toward the close of the German war. The wild soldiers from the east advancing, the capital of art and letters shrinking from the blow, the final extinction (as then seemed

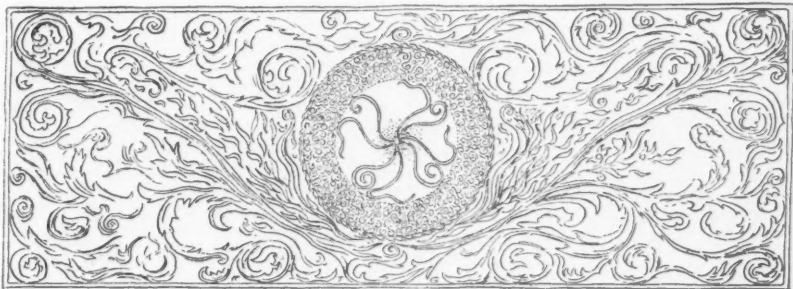
likely) of all that light and ardor and music in conflagration and bloodshed, the Louvre (probably) sent to heaven in a blaze, the books in the Mazarin (possibly) flung pellmell into the Seine—one still feels after thirty years the thrill and horror of those extravagant and horrid suppositions. For Paris to us then meant Hugo, Gautier, Michelet, Dumas, Merimée.

Can France to-day be with any plausibility expected to mean so much to any ardent Anglo-Saxon youth? Candidly, I do not pretend to think it can. The last eight years have been dangerous to the prestige of France. The deaths, within six months, of Renan and Taine, followed before long by those of Pasteur, Leconte de Lisle and Dumas fils, removed the last of those monumental figures which enforced admiration from the entire world of thought. The recent developments of French imagination have not been without merit; a Frenchman still finds it difficult (though no longer impossible) to write without wit or penetration. But the great men grow few, and the great ideas seem to grow fewer still. An emptiness, a lassitude, appear to have settled down on most of the ambitions of the French intellect.

And yet, when the worst has been said, it is with deep regret that one records the growing chasm between French and Anglo-Saxon ideas. Into the causes of this dislocation this is not the place to go, but it may be noted that they are scarcely the same as divide us from the Germans. Roughly, it may be said that in England and America we still think it proper to

know something of the French mind, but that we disapprove of it; while of the German mind we neither approve nor disapprove, but are cheerfully willing to remain profoundly ignorant. Even the giants of the age, whose figures have so far overshadowed us all that it has been impossible entirely to ignore them, even these are less known, and, what is more to the point, less accurately comprehended, in the Anglo-Saxon countries than anywhere else. The names, even some of the books, of Ibsen and Tolstoy, are no longer, in the extreme old age of those extraordinary men, unfamiliar to Americans and Englishmen, but they are infinitely less a part of the Anglo-Saxon heritage of thought than of that of any other European race. The curious and revolutionary notions of Nietzsche, so full of significance to Continental thinkers, have been received here with mere bewilderment, and now, just as Europe, after carefully weighing them, is reacting against their paradoxes, we are beginning to ask ourselves what it was all about and who Nietzsche was.

The space I have here at my disposal is infinitely too small to enable me to enter into any consideration of the causes which lead to the growing isolation of the Anglo-Saxon mind. But I have desired to draw the attention of readers to its existence. It is one of those phenomena which are rarely perceived and perhaps never comprehended while we are quite close to them, but it is a condition which, I believe, is likely to have a remarkable effect upon the whole intellectual life of the twentieth century.



OLD FRENCH ROMANCES.

IV.—THE TALE OF KING COUSTANS THE EMPEROR.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

WHILE no less picturesque than the three romances we have already considered, the Tale of King Coustans the Emperor is perhaps even more important than any of them from the point of view of the literary antiquarian. Its significance in this respect is somewhat fully set out by Mr. Jacobs, with his accustomed learning, in his introduction to William Morris's "Old French Romances." For the fullness of knowledge the reader is referred to Mr. Jacobs. Here it will suffice to hint at one or two points of that antiquarian interest which Mr. Jacobs more fully develops.

The story affords a striking illustration of that intercourse between East and West which was brought about by the Crusades, to which Western thought owed so much of its early quickening. "Permanent bonds of culture," says Mr. Jacobs, "began to be formed between the extreme East and the extreme West of Europe by intermarriage, by commerce, by the admission of the nobles of Byzantium within the orders of chivalry. These ties went on increasing throughout the twelfth century till they culminated at its close with the foundation of the Latin kingdom of Constantinople."

Till this period, of course, Constantinople had retained its ancient name of Byzantium; and our story has a further historical interest in that it professes to be the legend of how the name was changed.

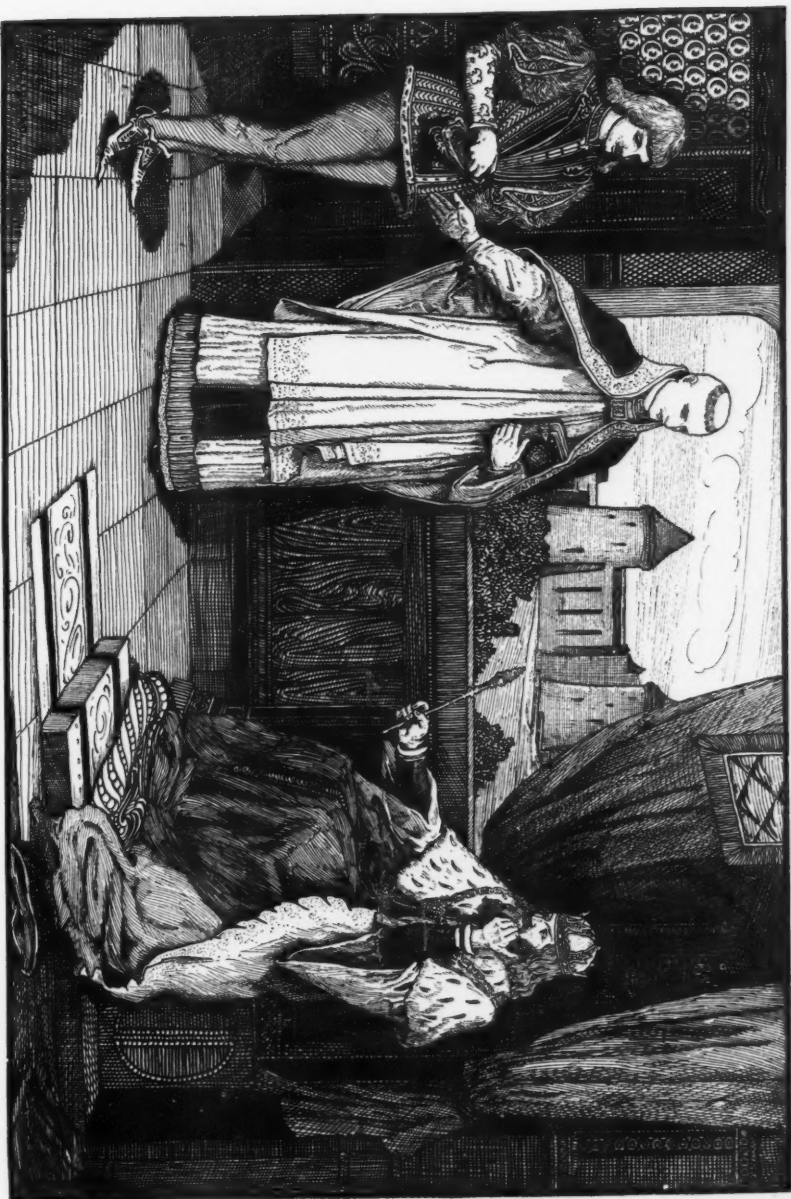
In the Old French form of the story, the metrical romance from which William Morris made his version, the "Dit de l'empereur Constant," occur these lines:

"Pour ce qui si nobles estoit,
Et que nobles ceves faisoit,
L'appelloient *Constant le noble*,
Et pour çou ot *Constantinnoble*,
Li cytés de Bissance a non"—

which may be freely translated:

"So noble was he,
So noble were his deeds,
That men called him *Constant the Noble*,
And from that, *Constantinople*,
The [old] city of Byzantium, takes its name."

We shall come upon still another etymology in the course of the story; and we may note that this old romance takes no account of a certain Constantine the Great with whom more official history associates the name of the city.



Drawn by Louis Breton.

"THE ABBOT APPEARED BEFORE HIM, AND . . . COUSTANS WAS IN HIS TRAIN."

The story itself may have come as far as from India and reached Constantinople via Arabia and Greece; and the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould has found it, slightly disguised, as near home as in Yorkshire. You can find it, too, in Grimm under the title of "The Devil With the Three Golden Hairs." Perhaps it may interest the reader to compare the Yorkshire version, as told by Mr. Jacobs, with the story as told by William Morris from the Old French. The story is entitled "The Fish and the Ring," and is as follows:

"A girl comes as the unwelcome sixth of the family of a very poor man who lived under the shadow of York Minster. A Knight, riding by on the day of her birth, discovers, by consultation of the Book of Fate, that she is destined to marry his son. He offers to adopt her, and throws her into the River Ouse. A fisherman saves her, and she is again discovered after many years by the Knight, who learns what Fate has still in store for his son. He sends her to his brother at Scarborough with a fatal letter, ordering him to put her to death. But on the way she is seized by a band of robbers, who read the letter and replace it by one ordering the Baron's son to be married to her immediately on her arrival. When the Baron discovers that he has not been able to evade the decree of fate, he still persists in her persecution, and taking a ring from his finger throws it into the sea, saying that the girl shall never live with his son till she can show him that ring. She wanders about and becomes a scullery-maid at a great castle, and one day when the Baron is dining at the castle, while cleaning a great fish she finds his ring, and all ends happily."

With this preliminary note, let us turn to our story:—

While Constantinople was still known under its old name of Byzantium, it was ruled over by a certain Emperor Musselin—known only, one may add, to romance. This Musselin was of course a "paynim," and, ecclesiastically speaking, a lost soul; but, for all that, he appears to have been a wise and much cultivated man; and he was particularly learned in those forbidden sciences by which man is able to read the stars and consult the devil. After the manner of Eastern potentates, he was given to roaming the streets of his city at nightfall, incognito, and on one occasion being thus out in search of adventure, accompanied by one of his knights, he came by a house wherein was a woman in sore travail of child-bearing. She was a Christian woman, and as the Emperor and his companion stayed their steps beneath her window and hearkened to her cries, they became aware of her husband aloft in a high solar praying aloud to his god in a manner which caused them much surprise and speculation.

At one moment he prayed that she might be delivered, and at another prayed that she might not.

Mystified by this strange prayer, and angered by what seemed to

him a lack of chivalry toward a woman in her extremity, the Emperor determined to question the husband.

"So help me Mahoume and Termagaunt!" he swore, "if I do not hang him, if he betake him not to telling me reason wherefore he doeth it! Come we now unto him."

So they went into the house, and the husband, in no wise recognizing the Emperor, made no concealment of his reasons for his strange prayer. He was, he told, a student of astrology, and watching the stars while his wife was in travail, he perceived, by the signs in the heaven, certain moments when it would be propitious for their child to be born, and certain other moments when for him to be born would mean certain perdition. Therefore, at the propitious moments he prayed to God for his wife to be delivered, and at the unpropitious moments he prayed for her delivery to be stayed; and so well had his knowledge and his prayers availed that, at the moment of the strangers addressing him, a man-child had been born in a good hour.

"How in a good hour?" asked the Emperor, and the man, still unsuspecting, answered that his son was destined to marry the daughter of the Emperor, then eight days old, and that some day he would become lord of the city and emperor of the whole earth.

Concealing his anger at this strange answer, the Emperor privily instructed his knight to carry away the new-born babe and bring it to his palace; and this the knight in no long time was able to accomplish—for the women were so busied arraying the mother that they took no note of the knight as he stole into the room and found the babe lying wrapped in linen upon a chair.

When the Emperor saw the child, he was so filled with hatred of it that he took a knife and slit its breast right down to its navel. He made even to tear out its heart, but the knight begged him to desist, promising to take it away and drown it in the sea.

Now, as the knight carried the babe toward the sea-shore, his heart softened, and instead of drowning it, he left it wrapped in a silken coverlet before the gate of a certain abbey of monks, who were even then at their matins.

Presently the monks heard the child crying, and, going to the gate, found it there and brought it to the abbot, who, seeing that it was a comely child, determined to nourish and rear it. Having, too, discovered its wound, he sent for leeches and demanded of them for what sum they would heal him.

And here comes in the second punning etymology of the city of Constantinople to which I have previously referred.

The leeches asked a hundred bezants for their services; but to this sum the abbot demurred as excessive, and finally arranged to pay fourscore bezants. Thereon he baptized the infant and named

him Coustans, because, he said, "he costed exceeding much for the healing of him."

But, belike, this was merely a pleasantry on the part of the abbot, for he neglected naught that was needed for the child's upbringing. Good nurses he found him, and, when he had reached the age of seven, found him good teachers, so that he was soon learned beyond his years; and when Coustans was some twelve years old, so comely and clever a lad was he that the abbot loved to have him in his sight and would take him to ride abroad with him in his retinue.

Now it chanced that, when Coustans was fifteen, the abbot had some ground of complaint to lay before the Emperor—who was liege-lord of the abbey—and the Emperor having appointed a day for the audience, the abbot appeared before him; and the lad Coustans was in his train.

When the business had been concluded between the abbot and the Emperor, the Emperor noted the handsome boy and asked concerning him. Thereon the abbot told him the story: How the monks had found him at the abbey door some fifteen years ago, and how sorely and in what manner he had been wounded, and how he had been healed and nurtured and schooled at the abbey; and as the Emperor heard the story, he understood that Coustans was the child whom he had wounded years ago and given to his knight to cast into the sea—but of this he made no sign, only communed with himself as to how he might get the boy into his power.

Thus he asked the abbot to give him to him for his own train, and the abbot answered that he must first speak of the matter to his convent, and so went his way.

Now the monks, fearing the wrath of the Emperor, counseled the abbot that the Emperor should have his desire; and thus Coustans was taken to the court and given into the hands of his enemy.

But the Emperor could not for a time devise a means how he might slay the boy; yet soon there were matters arising which took him on a long journey to the borders of his kingdom, and he took Coustans with him. Then, one day when he was still far distant from his capital, he wrote a letter to the burgomaster of Byzantium, and bade Coustans ride night and day till he came to the city. And the letter which the boy carried was on this wise: "I, Emperor of Byzance and Lord of Greece, do thee to wit who abidest duly in my place for the warding of my land; and so soon as thou seest this letter thou shalt slay or let slay him who this letter shall bear to thee, so soon as he hast delivered the said letter to thee, without longer tarrying. As thou holdest dear thine own proper body, do straightway my commandment herein."



Drawn by Louis Rhead.

"THE DAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR . . . SAID . . . : 'CERTES HERE IS A GREAT GRIEF!'"

So Coustans, knowing not that it was his own death that he carried in his wallet, made such haste upon his journey that he arrived at Byzantium within fifteen days.

And here the story goes so prettily in William Morris's version that it would be unfair to the reader to attempt another:—

"When the lad entered the city it was the hour of dinner; so, as God would have it, he thought that he would not go his errand at that nick of time, but would tarry till folk had done dinner: and exceeding hot was the weather, as is wont about St. John's-mass. So he entered into the garden all a-horseback. Great and

long was the garden; so the lad took the bridle from off his horse and unlaced the saddle-girth; and let him graze; and thereafter he went into the nook of a tree; and full pleasant was the place, so that presently he fell asleep.

"Now so it fell out, that when the fair daughter of the Emperor had eaten, she went into the garden with three of her maidens; and they fell to chasing each other about, as whiles is the wont of maidens to play; until at the last the fair Emperor's daughter came under the tree whereas Coustans lay a-sleeping, and he was all vermeil as the rose. And when the damsel saw him, she beheld him with a right good will, and she said to herself that never on a day had she seen so fair a fashion of man. Then she called to her that one of her fellows in whom she had the most affiance, and the others she made to go forth from out of the garden.

"Then the fair Maiden, daughter of the Emperor, took her fellow by the hand, and led her to look on the lovely lad whereas he lay a-sleeping; and she spake thus: 'Fair fellow, here is a rich treasure. Lo thou! the most fairest fashion of a man that ever mine eyes have seen on any day of my life. And he beareth a letter, and well I would see what it sayeth.'

"So the two maidens drew nigh to the lad, and took from him the letter, and the daughter of the Emperor read the same; and when she had read it, she fell a-lamenting full sore, and said to her fellow: 'Certes here is a great grief!' 'Ha, my Lady!' said the other one, 'tell me what it is.' 'Of a surety,' said the Maiden, 'might I but throw in thee I would do away that sorrow!' 'Ha, Lady,' said she, 'hardily mayest thou throw in me, whereas for naught would I uncover that thing which thou wouldest have hid.'

"Then the Maiden, the daughter of the Emperor, took oath of her according to the paynim law; and thereafter she told her what the letter said; and the damsel answered her: 'Lady, and what wouldest thou do?' 'I will tell thee well,' said the daughter of the Emperor; 'I will put in his pouch another letter, wherein the Emperor, my father, biddeth his Burgreve to give me to wife to this fair child here, and that he make great feast at the doing of the wedding unto all the folk of this land; whereas he is to wot well that the lad is a high man and a loyal.'

"When the damsel had heard that, she said that would be good to do. 'But, Lady, how wilt thou have the seal of thy father?' 'Full well,' said the Maiden, 'for my father delivered to me four pair of scrolls, sealed of his seal thereon; he hath written naught therein; and I will write all that I will.' 'Lady,' said she, 'thou hast said full well; but do it speedily, and haste thee ere he awaketh.' 'So will I,' said the Maiden.

"Then the fair Maiden, the daughter of the Emperor, went to her coffers, and drew thereout one of the said scrolls sealed, which her



Drawn by Louis Rhead.

"THE EMPEROR . . . ACCEPTED HIS SON-IN-LAW AND SHOWED HIM GREAT HONOR."

father had left her, that she might borrow money thereby, if so she would. For ever was the Emperor and his folk in war, whereas he had neighbours right

felon, and exceeding mighty, whose land marched upon his. So the Maiden wrote the letter in this wise:

"'I. King Musselin, Emperor of Greece

and of Byzance the city, to my Burgreve of Byzance greeting. I command thee that the bearer of this letter ye give to my fair daughter in marriage according to our law; whereas I have heard and wot soothly that he is a high person, and well worthy to have my daughter. And thereto make ye great joy and great feast to all them of my city and of all my land.'

"In such wise wrote and said the letter of the fair daughter of the Emperor; and when she had written the said letter, she went back to the garden, she and her fellow together, and they found that one yet asleep, and they put the letter into his pouch. And they then began to sing and make noise to awaken him. So he awoke anon, and was all astonied at the fair Maiden, the daughter of the Emperor, and the other one her fellow, who came before him; and the fair Maiden, daughter of the Emperor, greeted him; and he greeted her again right debonairly. Then she asked of him what he was, and whither he went; and he said that he bore a letter to the Burgreve, which the Emperor sent by him; and the Maiden said that she would bring him straightway whereas was the Burgreve. Therewith she took him by the hand, and brought him to the palace, where there was much folk, who all rose against the Maiden, as to her who was their Lady."

All went happily as the Princess devised. The Burgreve knowing full well the seal of his lord the Emperor, and moreover, delighting in the union of so fair a maid with a squire of such noble bearing, put no obstacle in their way. Coustans and the Princess were married, and the old prophecy overheard by the Emperor so many years ago was thus fulfilled, in spite of all his cruel plotting against it. And so happy were the people of Byzantium in the happiness of their Princess, after the manner of such simple folk, that no man worked in the city for the space of fifteen days. All was eating and drinking and making merry from early morn far into the night.

News was brought to the Emperor of the rejoicings in his city and much he marveled when the story was told him. But, being a wise man, he realized that his persecution of Coustans, so long and so cruelly waged, must as fate decreed be fruitless, and so he made no more fight against an evident destiny, but peaceably accepted his son-in-law and showed him great honor, making him a knight and heir to all his lands. And so it befell that on the death of Musselin, Coustans ruled over Byzantium, according to the prophecy, and under his rule the land became Christian. Many years did he and his wife live in happiness together, and there was born to them a son named Constantine who became a very great knight and in his turn ruled over Byzantium—from his time onward known as Constantinople, because, as was previously told, of his father Coustans who, the good abbot had said, had cost so much for his healing.

MRS. LAWTON'S LITTLE DINNER.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

"I DO think," said Mrs. Lawton to her husband, as the door closed after their last guest, "I do think that the conversation of New York people is too trivial for anything in this world."

"But, Kitty, what do you want of other than trivial conversation? You can't expect a group of gay society people to discuss the immortality of the soul or the descent of man when they spend an evening socially with their friends."

"I don't see why not; or at any rate they might talk on some of the stirring questions of the day, and not confine their remarks to the weather and the theaters."

"Oh, my dear, I'm sure they talked on other subjects than those. Why, Bob Raymond was very entertaining and made everybody laugh."

"Yes, at those absurd jokes of his, and what utter nonsense they were! Why, if they had had the slightest point to them it would have been excusable. But everybody laughed at their sheer nonsense. When I used to live in Boston it was very different."

"It was indeed," said Mr. Lawton, with a deep sigh of satisfaction. "I'm glad I rescued you from the Bostonian atmosphere and brought you to live in New York, where people may talk trivialities but don't wear out their brains trying to find out who wrote Shakespeare's works or who was the Man in the Iron Mask."

"They certainly do not," returned his wife good-humoredly; "but to-morrow night the Gillinghams are coming to dinner, and they're typical Bostonians, though they live in New York now; and really, Tom, for my sake, I wish you'd make a special endeavor to keep the tone of the conversation on a little higher plane."

"Oh, Kitty, dear, I'd do anything in my power to please you, and you know it, but I can't—I positively *can't* take part in one of those transcendental conversations. My spirit is willing, but my brain is so awfully weak."

"Nonsense, Tom; your brain isn't weak at all, but you never want to exert it enough to show what a fine one you have."

"Thank you, Mrs. Lawton, for a very

pretty compliment, but I fear you overrate my mentality, which is of the ordinary New York brand and would cut but a sorry figure against Bostonian gray matter. Now, see here, Kit, why can't I be detained downtown to-morrow night and let you entertain your brainy friends alone?"

"Oh, Tom, how can you suggest such a thing? Why, don't you suppose I want to show Mary Brooks Gillingham my handsome husband? She's never seen you, and for all she knows I might have married an un-presentable fright."

"Well, I'm glad you think me ornamental," said Tom Lawton, meekly, "and I wish I could be more useful. Couldn't you coach me a little beforehand?"

"I could, only you'd make such a mess of my instructions. You always do, even if it's only to serve the guests from the right-hand end of the platter. But," with a sudden inspiration, "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a list of subjects to introduce, and then I'll take them up and carry on the conversation. I'll write it on a slip of paper and pin it on the table cloth where it hangs down in front of you. Then you can merely glance downward to read it. I won't give you anything really difficult to say. Such topics as 'the Morphology of the Central Cylinder in the Angiosperms' I'll introduce myself."

"Whew! I rather think you will! And what sort of subjects will fall to my share?"

"Oh, I'll give you 'the Altruistic Outlook from a Twentieth-Century Viewpoint,' or something like that. I won't tell you beforehand, because it would only muddle you up; but if you read the topic on the list you can announce it with that dignified legal air of yours, and the Gillinghams are sure to be impressed."

"And then you'll take it right up, and not leave me to flounder helplessly in the wake of my own ship?"

"Of course I will, and except for an intelligent assent now and then, you needn't speak again until there is another pause."

"All right. I am game, and I hope, for your sake, I'll succeed."

Next evening Mrs. Lawton sat in her

drawing-room awaiting her intellectual guests.

Her handsome husband soon joined her, and she looked at him with decided satisfaction.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you are the dearest and the most beautiful thing in all the world. And I'd rather have you than a university professor, but, just for tonight, you *must* appear to be the embodiment of erudition."

"Oh, I will, you may trust me. But did you put my list in its place?"

"Yes, I've just been out in the dining-room and pinned it to the cloth. They're all in plain, simple words. But if you do venture a remark now and then, try to bring in such words as *viewpoint*, *atmosphere* and *ethics*. Then, if you could use *arrestive* and *convincing* it would help."

"I've memorized those; they're dead easy. Any more?"

"What an apt scholar you are! Well, you might refer to the inner circle and talk about an obsession."

"What is an obsession?"

"Oh, something that gets hold of you and won't let you go."

"Ah, like a crab or a lobster, I suppose."

"No, Tom; how absurd you are! Well, don't try an obsession, then, but say that you find in this or that a message or an interpretation."

"Yes, I can do that," replied Mr. Lawton, and then there was time for no further instruction, as the expected guests were shown into the room.

Mrs. Gillingham, who had been Mrs. Lawton's girl-friend in Boston, was duly impressed with the fine physique and courteous bearing of her host, and as he said little, she had no reason to consider him as other than a savant.

Dinner was announced, and amid gay and desultory chatter the four seated themselves.

But once she was fairly launched on the first course, Mrs. Lawton's frivolity left her, superseded by a gracious gravity which betokened thoughtfulness on serious subjects.

"What is your opinion," she said, turning her beautiful eyes toward Mr. Gillingham, "of 'The Spatial Threshold of Color, and Its Dependence on Contrast Phenomena'?"

"I beg your pardon?" said the gentleman addressed, and Mrs. Lawton repeated her question.

"I—I don't think I have any opinion about it," he replied, and there was a brief silence.

"It is a book," said Mrs. Lawton, "one of the Psychological Series, but though it is yet new I supposed you had read it."

No reply was made to this by either guest, although it had been addressed impartially to both, and Mr. Lawton assumed that it was now his turn to assist in the intellectual conversation.

"Isn't it astonishing," he said, smiling blandly at Mrs. Gillingham, "how the inner circle regard moth-balls?"

"It is, indeed," returned his guest, with an animated nod of her head, "and how they can endure them is more than I understand. Why, I would rather the moths would eat all the fur I possess than to have that abominable odor about."

"Yes," assented her husband, "and it is such a persistent odor."

"You may shake, you may scatter
Your clothes as you will,
But the scent of the moth-ball
Will hang round them still."

"Ha, ha! that is true!" laughed Tom Lawton; "and it even hangs round furniture and rooms as well as clothing. Why, I have an antique desk that I bought at an auction, but it's spoiled by the fact that somebody once put a moth-ball in one of the drawers; and though I had a Yale lock put on that drawer, and then locked it and lost the key, in certain kinds of weather that moth-ball speaks louder than words."

"Perhaps the desk was formerly owned by a degenerate who enjoyed the odor," said Mrs. Lawton, by way of adroitly changing the subject. "By the way, Mary, did you like Doctor Brownson's paper on 'The Rubāiyāt as a Degenerating Influence'?"

"I—what was it in?" said Mrs. Gillingham, uncertainly.

"In the current number of 'Earnest Inquiry,'" replied her hostess. "You must have seen it."

"Yes," said her friend, "I saw the magazine, but—but I am not sure I read that article. Did you, John?"

"No," said her husband, and again there was a pause.

Mr. Lawton decided he must make another plunge.

"What do you think of our hall wall-paper?" he inquired. "It seems to me particularly arrestive."

"It is indeed," said Mrs. Gillingham. "I noticed it the moment I entered. I admire it very much."

"So do I," said John Gillingham. "It's a magnificent pattern. I told Mary only this morning, said I, 'Mary, stripes are all very well for rooms, but for a hall—no.' Did you do it, or the landlord?"

"Well," said Mr. Lawton, "we did it ourselves. You see, the landlord had papered the whole apartment just before we came in, and we couldn't very well ask him——"

"I see, I see," broke in Mr. Gillingham. "It's always so; you can get just about so much out of a landlord, but no more."

"But there are landlords and landlords," said his



"MRS. LAWTON SAT IN HER DRAWING-ROOM AWAITING HER INTELLECTUAL GUESTS."

wife. "Now, when we lived in Eighty-fourth Street——"

"Oh, yes, my dear, but that was west. You see, we're on the east side now, and it makes all the difference in the world."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Lawton, with much interest. "In what way, now? You see, we, being on Central Park South, know nothing of the other points of the compass."

"Well," said Mrs. Gillingham, with a judicial air, "one can't have everything in an apartment. Often you have to make a choice between light and space, or between locality and service."

"Yes," said Mr. Lawton; "and isn't it funny, when people talk about their apartment, they always dilate on its advantages, but when they mention other people's flats, it's always their unpleasant features?"

"True indeed," said Mr. Gillingham. "It's human nature, I suppose."

"Speaking of human nature," said Mrs. Lawton, "did you attend Mrs. Winch's morning lecture yesterday, Mary?"

"No," said Mrs. Gillingham, in an apologetic tone. "I meant to go, but I had an appointment at my tailor's. What was the subject?"

"She talked on 'Human Nature vs. Natural Humanity,' and it was perfectly absorbing. She has such a convincing manner, and she handles a subject with such an assured touch. It had a message for me."

Mrs. Gillingham looked rather blank, but she curled a leaf of salad round her fork with an assured touch as she said:

"The lecture was given at the Fly-Leaves Club, wasn't it?"

"Oh, no," said her hostess; "it was at the Bluestocking Morning. Do come next week. It is so satisfying!"

"I will try to," said Mrs. Gillingham, amiably, and again conversation flagged.

Tom Lawton glanced downward.

Then, with the air of one who plays his ace of trumps, he said blandly:

"From a utilitarian viewpoint, what do you think of the garbage man?"

Mrs. Lawton turned pale, but Mr. and Mrs. Gillingham both spoke at once, one saying:

"He's the curse of our lives," and the other, "Oh, isn't he perfectly dreadful!" Then the lady went on:

"I suppose he's a necessary evil, but he does make us so much trouble. Why, after I'm so careful to make the maids keep the paper and rags separate from the bottles and cans, and the table-scraps are most carefully looked after, yet that man——"

"And one man pays the city ninety-five thousand dollars a year for the privilege of collecting and sorting the refuse," Mr. Gillingham was saying, and then the discussion grew so animated that Mrs. Lawton determined to change the subject at the risk of interrupting her guests.

She did so, but her query as to how far Carlyle's estimate of Cromwell was influenced by partisanship failed to elicit more

than a few monosyllables in reply, and a silence fell. This Mr. Lawton cheerfully broke by inquiring the ethical value of waitresses' aprons.

Mrs. Gillingham was discursive on this subject, and opined that they should be furnished by the mistress, and that shoulder-lappets were desirable and impressed the maid with the dignity of her position.

Mr. Gillingham held the lappets in disfavor, explaining that they always appeared to him like wings, and he feared his waitress would be wafted away just when he wanted some hot toast.

And so the conversation, though elevating at one time and absorbing at another, was never both at once.

Mrs. Lawton struggled bravely, and Mr. Lawton assisted cheerfully, but it was a decided relief to both of them when their guests bade them good-night.

"And now *will* you tell me, Tom Lawton," said his wife, almost tearfully, "what you meant by introducing such fearful subjects as the garbage man and moth-balls, after I begged you to mention only the themes I noted on the list I gave you?"

"Why, dearest," said Lawton, with a perplexed look, "that's just what I did."

"What was what you did?"

"Why, introduce the subjects you wrote down. I got them off one after another, just in the order in which they were written, and I carefully interspersed my conversation with those words you told me to use. *Viewpoint* I think I used twice."

"Oh, Tom, what *are* you talking about? I *didn't* write those awful things down for you to talk about. I wrote——"

"Come out in the dining-room and look at the list. That will settle the matter, if Ellen didn't destroy the paper when she cleared the table. I'm afraid she did," continued Mr. Lawton, as they reached the dining-room and found it in order for the night. "No, here it is on the mantel. There, light of my eyes, what have you to say for yourself now?"

Kitty Lawton took the paper, glanced at it, and with a cry between a laugh and a sob, threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Tom," she said, chokingly, "I made a mistake, and gave you the wrong paper. That's the memorandum of things I have to attend to to-morrow morning!"



MISS BERTHA GALLAND IN "THE FOREST LOVERS."

THE DRAMA'S TENDENCY TOWARD THE UNINTELLECTUAL.

BY RICHARD STEARNS.

A NEW century! Everything should go forward. In trade, in mechanics, in government, there should be steady advancement. Should there not also be in art? Most emphatically, yes. But is there? Certainly not in dramatic art so far as concerns the American stage.

It is said that a manager has no idea whether a play is going to make a success or a failure until it actually has been produced before a paying audience. That audience seals the verdict for which the manager has been waiting for weeks. He has had the play read by an expert, so called. Receiving a favorable opinion from his reader, he has perused it himself. Seeing what he considers great possibilities in it, he has cast, rehearsed, fitted it up scenically, and now has produced it. Ten to one he discovers that he did not know the play at all. Things he has overlooked go well. The expected hits fall flat. Possibly the whole production does. In a word, a manager does not know a play until he sees it.

Query: Is not the manager equally ignorant of the public for whose benefit he

produced the play? Would such mistakes be made as frequently as they are made by managers if they knew their public? Is the public really brainless and vapid, as managers seem to suppose? Has it no high art ideals? Does it never strive after the intellectual? Does it simply wish to have its palate tickled? Has it no aspirations after things that are profound and great? Do not the deeper emotions stir it? Is it not moved by the great epochs and figures of history or does it care only for the flippancy of the "masher" and the trail of the courtesan?

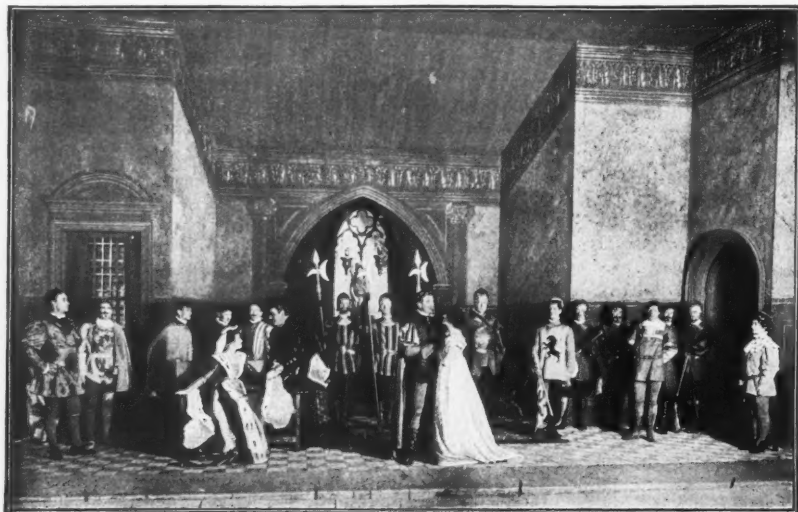
The American public is as much a thinking public as that of any other nation. It is as ready to accept the highest in art. How true it is, and yet how slow managers are to learn the lesson, that a truly artistic theatrical production—a great play well cast, intelligently rehearsed and aptly staged—is the best-paying kind of a theatrical enterprise. This simple rule, which managers constantly neglect has been proved true over and over again. Instead of following it, they attempt to cater to a taste they appear



"THE LIBERTY BELLES."

not to understand. One manager has for several years past been bringing out a string of salacious French farces, always turning somehow or other upon the supposed Gallic disregard of the Seventh Commandment. Marital infidelity, treated in a wholly flippant and supposedly humorous way, has been the constant, ever-recurring

theme of these farces. The manager in question engaged a special theater for their production and a special company of clever comedians. Of all the long list of plays of this kind which he has produced, only one has made a hit. That happened to treat of the motif in question in a singularly clever and dexterous way. All the



MR. HACKETT AND MISS FLORENCE KAHN IN "DON CAESAR'S RETURN."



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL AND MR. DE WOLF HOPPER IN "HOITY-TOITY."

others have been coldly received, showing that the manager's attempt to cater to a supposedly depraved public taste has been a wholly mistaken piece of policy. The American theatrical public is neither vicious nor depraved. This country is altogether too optimistic, too well aware of its own greatness and consequently altogether too overflowing with vitality, for any exhibition of decadent taste.

An old and experienced manager who had felt the public's pulse for many years once said to me in the midst of a season of dreary silliness, "Give me an actor like Edwin Booth and I will put on 'Hamlet'

and guarantee to keep it here to overflowing houses all through the season." The author of "Hamlet" is the name which, according to a favorite managerial maxim, stands for bankruptcy. "Shakespeare spells ruin," is the saying, and yet it is not so many years ago that it was the aim of every ambitious actor to play Shakespeare, and once having attained Shakespeare, he felt that he had reached the highest mark in his profession. I remember very well a few years ago when that clever playwright, Charles Hoyt, brought out "A Stranger in New York," he had a poster designed showing Shakespeare, grip in hand, walk-

ing between two rows of theaters and looking at the billboards, on not one of which did his name appear. The satire was apparent. At not a single theater in New York city, the metropolis of the New World, was there a Shakespeare play acted. Instead of that, a lot of "stars" who fifteen or twenty years ago would have been considered fairly good leading men and women were disporting themselves in all kinds of silly excrescences of the drama.

It has been very well said that if you got together seven theatrical "stars" of the present day, the only constellation they

constantly getting out stars. In former years the appearance of a star was an event of great importance. Now we have half a dozen every year. The result of this constant making of new stars is that an actor becomes a star long before he has had the requisite experience, has gained the necessary elasticity, or has risen to those heights in his art which in former days actors were obliged to attain before they could become stars. He is immature and utterly unable to tackle the finer and larger products of dramatic art. Consequently these stars have a lot of plays



"HOITY-TOITY."

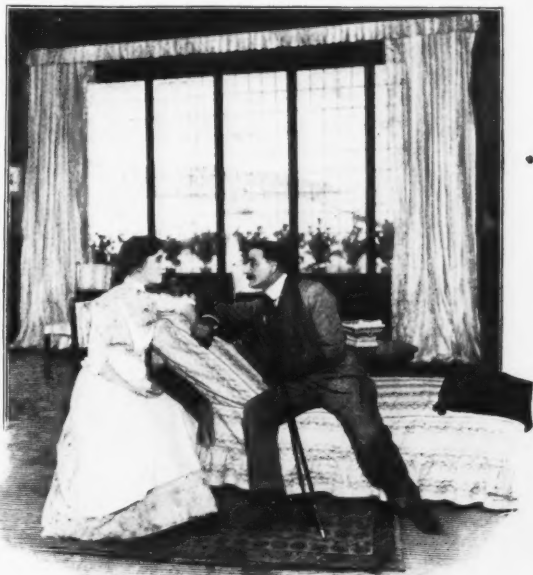
would resemble would be the Little Dipper. In my opinion, this overdoing of the star system is largely responsible for the present decadence of the American drama. Here again the manager is showing himself limited in his views of dramatic requirements by the box-office. He has found that the public likes a name. Like the newsboys who cannot read the headlines, but can make out the word "extra," so he thinks the public may not be able to make out a play but can recognize a name. Therefore the newspapers are constantly issuing extras and the theatrical managers

written for them, much as a tailor would make a suit of clothes. The playwright sizes up his man or woman, constructs a play to suit the little idiosyncrasies of the person in question. There is a lot of advertising and puffing, a great flourish of trumpets, and what the newspapers in their clumsy way are so fond of calling the "stellar debut" is accomplished. But take the star and put him in a really fine play and he would be hopelessly lost.

This is all the result of the managerial policy of trying to catch the pennies with a name. The star is made years before

he should ever think of striving for such honors, and is at the head of his own company when he should be gaining experience in "stock." It is cleverness mistaken for genius, mock jewels for the real precious stones, fake estheticism for genuine art, a ten-strike by the theatrical syndicate for a piece of artistic managerial enterprise.

As I look back upon the last dramatic season, there is little I can recall with pleasure. Even the efforts of some members of the profession at doing genuinely serious work seem to have been misdirected. The profession, as a whole, had been steeped too much in the trivialities of the modern American stage to suddenly pull itself together and do great work. It seemed indeed, from a superficial point of view, a glorious thing that in a city where but a few years ago Shakespeare had been "a stranger in New York," there should be at least three Shakespearean revivals—Richard Mans-

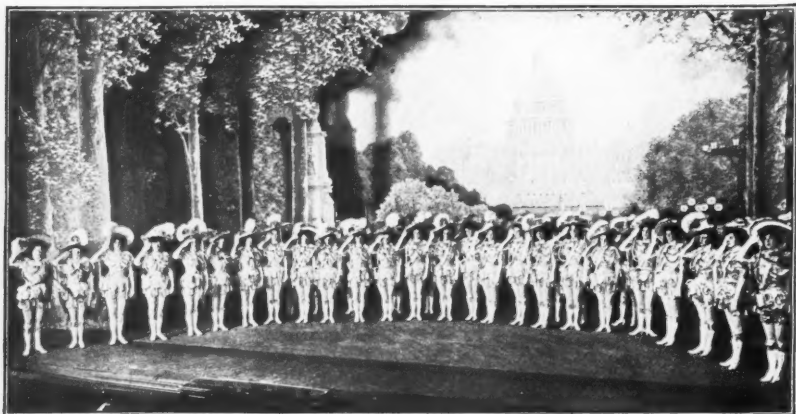


MR. JOHN DREW AND MISS IDA CONQUEST IN
"THE SECOND IN COMMAND."

field's "Henry V.," E. H. Sothern's "Hamlet," and Goodwin and Elliot's "Merchant of Venice." It was indeed a sign of good promise, but it had this drawback to it, that these productions were all made with too close attention to spectacular effect. It seemed as if the actors themselves were doubtful of their ability to carry through the enterprise as a purely dramatic one, and therefore appealed to the public on the spectacular side. Think of Shakespeare's own company, simply hanging out the sign, "This is a Forest," "This is a Palace," and think of the Shakespeare revivals of last season with their elaborate and gorgeous scenic settings. But this suggests a query. Suppose Mr. Sothern had put out a sign, "This is a room in the castle," how many people would there have been in the theater? I once heard Edwin Booth relate that one of the best performances of "Hamlet" he ever gave had been with himself and his whole company in their traveling clothes and with any kind of scenery they could rig up. Nowadays, however, man-



MR. ANDREW MACK IN "TOM MOORE."



THE CHORUS IN "THE ROGERS BROTHERS IN WASHINGTON."



"THE LAST APPEAL."

agers appear to proceed upon the theory that clothes make the man and scenery the play. Perhaps they do with our present-day "stars."

Not only does the managerial policy of catering to a low standard of public taste result in making stars of actors and actresses before they are ready—it also has resulted in the deterioration of stage people whose ambitions were in the right direction. I have in mind Miss Julia Marlowe, who appears to have been cut out by nature for a Shakespearian actress, who began as such and would gladly continue as such would her modern manager's policy permit her to. Miss Julia Marlowe was sixteen years old when she played her first Shakespearian character, Romeo's page, Balthazar. For three years thereafter she studied with Ada Dow, who gave her a genuine old-fashioned stage training. It consisted of days and days of practice in gymnastics, in voice culture, in elocution and in stage deportment; in the reading and rereading of plays over and over again; in working over them with the aid of commentaries and even investigating the life-story of the author for further enlightenment on certain points. The play, as a whole, having thus been mastered, its memorizing was be-



"THE ROGERS BROTHERS IN WASHINGTON."

gun. Before that, the aspirant for stage honors was not allowed to learn a line from memory. Through hard work and constant study, coupled with her beauty and her great natural talents, Miss Marlowe was soon able to establish herself in the provinces and in due course in New York. "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Cymbeline" were in her repertoire. Such were the plays in which she delighted and in which she still delights. I know that last season, instead of a wretched dramatization of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," she was anxious to give a fine revival of "As You Like It," and to come before the public again as Rosalind. But her manager was obdurate. "Shakespeare spells ruin!" so Miss Marlowe had to defer her legitimate ambition and expend her great talents on a flimsy bit of novel-dramatization. Here, I say, is an instance of a fine actress actually being lowered in her profession by a manager who simply takes a trader's point of view of what is a great art.

I cannot say that I see much promise



MR. FAVERSHAM AND MISS JULIE OPP IN "A ROYAL RIVAL."



MISS IDA CONQUEST IN "THE SECOND IN COMMAND."

of improvement this season over last. So far we have had another leading man come forward as a star. Mr. William Faversham, who made a very good leading man with the Empire Theater company, but who in the old days never would have been dreamed of in any other capacity, has been seen in an unnecessarily new version of "Don Cesar de Bazan." Imagine that Don Cesar was an English cockney instead of a vagabond nobleman of Spain through whose rags, however, the gentleman always shone, and you have Mr. Faversham's conception of the rôle. Spanish noblemen do not cock their elbows and walk with the swagger of Piccadilly. Another version of Don Cesar has been made for Mr. Hackett. I cannot see that the other plays now on the

boards or promised are more than the usual dramatic product destined to live a season, wilt and be heard of no more.

I am not a croaker nor a pessimist. I am too young to talk of the "good old days," but I do know that the American stage is in a bad state, and largely so because a band of traders have taken the place of the managers with whom the drama is an art and who realize that he who serves it as an art best serves his own interests.

I have prepared, as is my annual autumnal wont at the beginning of every dramatic season, a list of "first nights." This is for my own guidance—since I am an inveterate "first nighter"—but it comes in handy while I am writing this article and I have it before me now. So far as I can see, the "romantic"—which is nothing more than rampant melodrama—will again predominate; and again there are to be dramatizations of successful novels. Evidently managers have not learned last season's lesson, which was enforced at the point of bitter failure, in several instances at much pecuniary loss, that a novel rushed on the stage to catch the public during the high tide of the book's popularity does not appeal to theater-goers. How could it, when one considers the slap-



MISS LULU GLASER IN "DOLLY VARDEN."

dash fashion in which most of these stage versions are made?

The methods of the gentleman who makes most of these book-dramatizations, who turns novels of the moment into plays also of the moment (perhaps only of seconds), are calculated to make the hairs of an intellectual playwright, were there one, stand on end. He has developed it into what may be called a typical American industry. Possibly he soon may ask for a tariff bill to protect it. This dramatizer has his hand so well in his trade that he can turn a fat novel into a play in two or three weeks. When he finishes his perusal there is not much of the book left, but the play is there. For how long? One of the most elaborate productions of a dramatized novel last season was kept on barely a few weeks. When the author of the book saw it, she sarcastically congratulated the dramatizer on having so successfully turned the *title* of her novel into a play.

This season one of the earliest productions was "The Forest Lovers," with Miss Galland as a star. Mr. Hewlett's novel is charming, but on the stage it is a most curious mingling of old-style melodrama with



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "CAPTAIN JINKS."



Copyright, 1901, by Burr McIntosh.

MISS MAXINE ELLIOT IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

long lyric passages which even Miss Galland's charming acting could not save from seeming rather long-drawn-out. Then the traps set for her as heroine were so obvious! Whenever her protector, whether knight or page, left her, you felt like calling out after him, "Don't go; some one is coming out of the bushes to catch her." In fact, the "romantic" will go a certain length with the public, but it must stop at the childish and abjectly puerile.

Of course, we are to have Shakespeare. How managers are beginning to love him—just to show that they are not utterly going to the "demonition bowwows"! The managerial devotion to Shakespeare always reminds me of Gounod's composition of "The Redemption" after his liaison with Mrs. Somebody-or-Other. This year the great Shakespearian producer is to be William Gillette, and he is to play Hamlet. The great question about Mr. Gillette's Hamlet will be, "How will he smoke his cigar



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON.

tana or Panatela with a "By your leave, madam"?

It is not unlikely that Mrs. Fiske's lease of the Manhattan Theater may prove an



Copyright, 1901, by Falk.

MISS BERTHA GALLAND.

and what was the favorite brand in Denmark in Hamlet's day?" Among the novel gas effects which Mr. Gillette is so fond of introducing in his plays, perhaps will be a newly patented jet for lighting the fragrant Havana, which the new Hamlet doubtless will offer the Ghost for consolation. Will he in the scene with the Queen draw out a Puri-

important element of the New York season. Mrs. Fiske is an intellectual actress who, fortunately for her art, is her own manager, so that she can select her plays with reference to her real ability as an actress. Therefore it is to be hoped that "Miranda of the Balcony" will prove as valuable a feature of this season as Tess and Becky Sharp have in the past.

Then, Irving is to produce "Coriolanus," in which he has made a deep impression.

"A Gentleman of France," another "romance," will be the vehicle for Kyrle Bellew's American reappearance in November. Mrs. Leslie Carter, having glorified a strumpet of the music-halls, will in November appear as one of the more elect courtezans in Mr. Belasco's "Du Barry." Miss Adams will be seen in "Quality Street," by J. M. Barrie, author of "The Little Minister," and in some special performances of "As You Like It." Miss Viola Allen will continue "In the Palace of the King"; Miss Amelia Bingham, "The Climbers," with a possible novelty; Miss Henrietta Crossman will bring out "Joan of the Shoals," by Mr. Hazelton, the author of "Mistress Nell"; Miss Elsie de Wolfe is starring in Clyde Fitch's "The Way of the World." Miss Barrymore has resumed "Captain Jinks"; Miss Mannering, "Janice Meredith," and Mr. Crane, "David Harum." Miss Virginia Harned is starring in "Alice of Old Vincennes"; Charles Hawtrey is booked for "A Message from Mars" and "The Man from Blankley's"; Mrs. Le Moyne for "The First Duchess of Marlborough"; Richard Mansfield for "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "Herod." Miss Marlowe has an unnamed new play. Miss Annie Russell is to appear in a novelty by R. Marshall, author of "A Royal Family."

MISS CHARLOTTE WALKER IN
"DON CESAR'S RETURN."

THE AWAKENING OF SMALL PLOVER.

BY H. T. GEORGE.

NOW this was the situation. Gerole the half-breed had not known he loved the girl until he returned from mysterious huntings and found that old Hehakagi, the Brown Elk, had married her. Surely that was not the fault of Gerole the half-breed, nor of the girl, poor Small Plover. Gerole corrected Fate. He lay in the rushes that hid the bed of the creek where the cattle came to drink, and the beautiful garter-snake that fled before him was not more noiseless than Gerole as he wriggled through the dry reeds and caught the moccasined foot of the old Brown Elk.

Brown Elk looked down at the lifted face and grunted. When he drove his cattle down to the creek he had brought along his gun, for the Small Plover had had cannibalistic yearnings for a supper of wild grouse; but he had left the gun on the bank of the creek and he knew that Gerole the half-breed knew it. So he stood still and looked at Gerole and grunted.

Then he said:

"Is it cool down there in the mud,

Louis Gerole? I came to see if there was place for fording—and I find a snapping-turtle burrowing."

Gerole laughed. "There is no place for fording here. The mud is soft and deep. An old man's body would sink quickly,

and when the drouths of August came and dried the mud and opened it—brr! How fine would a heap of old white bones look against it!"

Brown Elk blinked passively at the gleaming steel in the half-breed's slender hand. A young man and a knife are five to one against an old man with his gun a rod away. Brown Elk meditated, and he was puzzled.

"I do not carry dollars when I water my cattle," he said argumentatively. "I have done you no harm

in our lifetime. Even when you had taken the oxen of your brother-in-law and sold them, I opened my door before you and locked it behind you, and hid you so four days—because I was an old fool, and you were a young one good to see. I am an old fool now, but I will give you what you ask for the moons that are left to me."



Drawn by Louis Betts.

SMALL PLOVER.

Gerole laughed softly again and then was serious.

"You have left it behind you—what I ask," he said. "And because you are an old fool you would not give it. So I will ask and you will refuse, and then—la, la, for the white bones when the drouth comes! Brown Elk—I, Gerole the half-breed, am young and beautiful and strong. When she came back from the far school where she had learned to love white faces,

Elk, give what I ask—only the small, Small Plover, your wife!"

Brown Elk looked away over the yellow tasseled tops of the rushes. A bittern flapped slowly up from among them; his cattle, a few rods farther down, drew the oozing water noisily through their lips; he heard the mud suck under their hoofs—old white bones would sink quietly; and he heard—yes, surely, from far up the creek, the voice of his girl wife singing a little



Drawn by Louis Belts.

"GEROLE . . . WRIGGLED THROUGH THE DRY REEDS."

she hated all her people and her life—save me. Me she only pretended to hate—for the reason maidens know. But I—well—la, la! I was not sure, me. I went away so that she should not think I loved her with her white girl's ways and her pride. Then I came back to see how much she had grown thinner—and see! She has a pretty spirit, this Small Plover! She had married herself to an old, dry, mildewed log to show me how little she cared. I saw—and still she shall have me! Brown

white man's song with a gurgle of sobs and laughter in its music. She was a very pretty Small Plover. Old Brown Elk's eyes yearned to his gun, blinking in plain view on the bank.

The reeds whispered as Gerole drew himself up slightly, still holding by the old man's foot. The knife-point touched the bony, leather-hued hand that hung at Brown Elk's side, but the hand did not wince.

A mile away in his study the missionary of the district was writing an article for a



Drawn by Louis Beltp.

"CARE-FREE. GAMBLING WITH TWO OR THREE YOUNG BUCKS."

church paper. It was to be upon the advancement of the Indian in civilized standards of morality and ethics. He intended to treat his subject optimistically. Meanwhile, down in the rushes, old Brown Elk, his catechist, and Louis Gerole, whom he had brought to confirmation, were settling a problem which baffles civilization in the

straight and primitive fashion of unmissionaried days.

Gerole lifted himself higher. "See," he said gently. "You are a very old man, Brown Elk. A year or two at most, and the Small Plover will come to me."

Brown Elk's eyes came back from the glitter of his gun-stock on the bank. He



Drawn by Louis Betts.

"HIS MOTHER WOULD POINT IN VAIN TO A BEAR OR A DEER ACROSS THE LAKE."

drew a deep, untroubled breath and made his bargain.

"Your hands are upon me, young Gerole," he said very simply. "If I live now it is by your favor. Nevertheless it is not a wise thing for a man to kill a man—even though the rushes hide, and eyes watching from the roadside cannot see you.

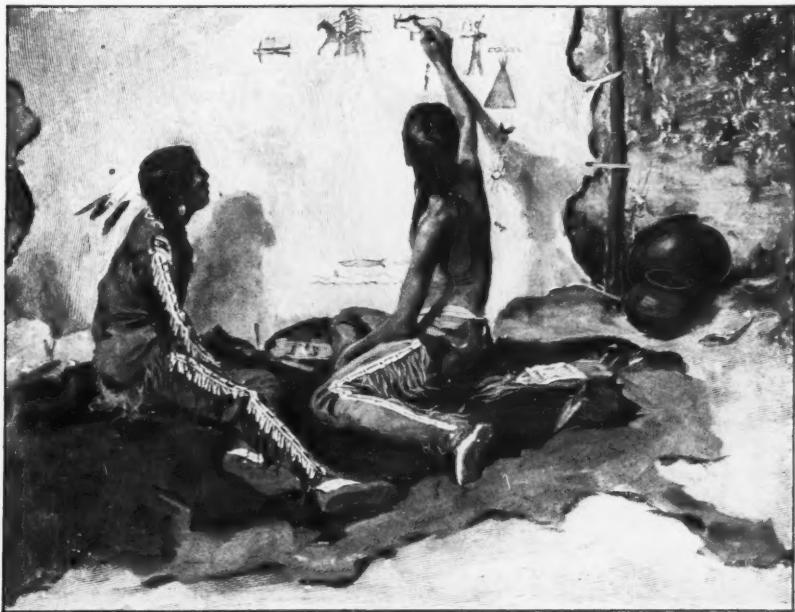
Might they not see me go down into the rushes—may not even the Small Plover be watching where I stand? And when I come not up from the creek-bed there will be search made for old Hehakagi." He nodded in understanding of the half-breed's gesture. "That is very true. You would go safely—perhaps. Maybe not.

This is a way more safe. Give me the year. I am an old man—you have said. Perhaps in a year there will be no need of that"—his fingers touched the gruesome glimmer of blue steel—"and if there is, the mud will be as deep, and the night safer. And Small Plover as fair."

"And I—I gave him the year. It was, you see, his—what you say?—his honeymoon but a week old. And me—I had taken two years to know my mind; I could take another to be sure of it.

"There are three months yet."

gan's and in the manifest justice of the thing. The missionary, to whom another than Flannagan might have carried the story, would have lapsed into objurgations—appealed to Gerole's morality, which was undeveloped—then to his mercy, which was not at all—perhaps to his honor, though that would have been a mistake, for standards of honor differ—last, might unwisely have appealed to the law, which could scarcely have helped matters until after the Brown Elk's iron mouth was too tightly closed to deny the charge against



Drawn by Louis Belts.

"TO DRAW CRUDE PICTURES . . . WOULD EARN A FEW POUNDS OF MEAT."

So Gerole the half-breed told the story to Flannagan the trader, who called all Dakotas brothers, and smoked in silence while Louis talked, and understood. Flannagan and Gerole had hunted together the day before, had slept together at night, and had drunk together at intervals too frequent for the half-breed's discretion. The story that he told in tipsy confidence, Flannagan demanded of him sober the next day. And the story Gerole told simply, trusting in that understanding which it has been intimated was Flanna-

Gerole. Moreover, Gerole studied how to avoid the consequences of breaking the law, rather than how to live within it.

But Flannagan had no intention of telling the missionary. He did not even say to Louis Gerole, "Suppose the old man is not at the place three months from tonight?" He understood, and he knew that, with the factors of outside interference eliminated from the problem, Brown Elk was to die. Otherwise—he had seen these things before: the pointed fingers of the maidens and the jeers of the young men.

For, though Gerole might not slay the old man, he would tell the story—why not? It was to his credit, and public opinion—the public opinion that is rife about the unconscious servants of the government and the church—would crucify the old man. The Brown Elk—Flannagan was sure of it—would die as a brave man should whose word is passed.

"So!" said Flannagan the trader, watching the half-breed with something like amusement in his eyes. "And after they find the old man, dead in the mud—you will put out your hand and take the poor Small Plover that will have clipped wings?"

Gerole glanced at him quickly. "You think he's clipped her wings?" he demanded. "You think it will be easy?"

"Easy? As that!" Flannagan blew upon the match with which he had

just lighted his pipe—gone out in the closeness of his attention. "She is waiting for you. A little flutter perhaps, for show, and then she will lie still in your hand."

Gerole smoked in silence. At last—"She had a pretty spirit—that Small Plover," he said regretfully.

Flannagan eyed him with covert keenness.

"When she came—you remember?" he asked. "Three years ago? She stood

beside the agent's daughter, you know, and the white girl was not so pretty or so slim or so—different from the rest of you. And she would have nothing to say to you. Ah, you remember. The memory of a man is long when it reaches back to a girl's disdain. And then, that summer, you went away. I watched her. There were white men here that summer, but—well, they did not see the difference. Until

they came to speak to her of love, and then—they saw quickly. Oh, she had a pretty spirit, the Small Plover. And when Brown Elk made love to her, and her father had given her a new mother, and she saw that she could never be white, nor red, and you were not here, therefore she chose suicide and the old man."

Still Gerole smoked in silence, until—"And now?" he said.

Flannagan

stretched his long arms and yawned a dismissal of the subject.

"Now she is very tame. It is as though he beat her—instead of which he is too kind. Have you seen their house? Almost as fine as the missionary's. A room in which there is no bed, chairs that rock, and a carpet. And in the midst of it all the Small Plover, very small and very meek, saying yes, and saying no, and little more, watching you through the window



Drawn by Louis Belts.

"HE PAUSED . . . AND CLUTCHED HIS BROW."

when you pass, thinking—"I was waiting and you did not ask. I am waiting now. My husband is very old. You have only to ask."

"You think?" said Gerole the half-breed.

"I know," said Flannagan the trader.

And when Gerole had gone Flannagan laughed, for he understood.

Flannagan was at home in Brown Elk's house. In the days when the old chief had been a chief in positive glory, Flannagan had shared his tepee as he had shared the tepee of Wamude Hota, the Plover's father.

The memory of many hunts lay between them, and Brown Elk welcomed his friend gravely and gladly in the house that was too new. The Small Plover, too, had memories concerning him. They did not date quite so far back as Flannagan's concerning her, for he remembered the night when he and Wamude Hota smoked together in the moonlight before the deerskin lodge, and were greatly silent until a little cry fluttered through the waving door-curtain and the Small Plover made her first protest against her race. So long had Flannagan watched and understood the rebellious soul of the Small Plover.

He remembered a blue-and-white spring day when he cleaned his gun before her father's lodge. The prairie-chickens drummed against the wall of the world, and the mists crept up from the sweet-smelling creek, and Flannagan sang old songs of the forgotten East. And then a little figure stole out and stood beside him, and he smiled at the bronze face under the gaily tied and fearfully oiled black locks. But the child did not smile. She lifted her long young arms and stretched them out to the prairies.

"Flannagan," she said somberly, "I dream white dreams."

And Flannagan's song died. "You are no longer a child, little one," he said to her gently.

And when she came home from the Eastern school, the wisest girl in her tribe, and her people gathered to look at her—some of them mockingly, some of them disapprovingly, but all of them more or less proudly—then when their ignorance and their savagery rose up before her and

smote her, she turned to Flannagan, who understood.

"You are a woman, Small Plover," he said to her then. "And women's lives are made empty that they may be filled with sorrow. It is not me you love—it is because I am of his race, the man back there you must forget."

"He came with other visitors to the school," the Small Plover told him. "I saw him and loved him. If I had been white perhaps he would have loved me, but because I was—this, he only marveled that an Indian girl could be so pretty. But because he looked at me I cannot forget. I was only the red dust stirred by his foot. But his foot stirred me, though he could never know."

"Poor little Plover!" said Flannagan, and he met the missionary in great wrath and spoke certain truths to him crudely.

"You have failed," he said. "That girl will never teach her people. Her people—she hates them. She is only a common little Indian and her soul is not big enough for martyrdom. You should have seen that—you who are supposed to have the heart that understands. You have spoiled a little life—you are spoiling little lives every day. Have you yet made a great one?" And the missionary made him no answer. For indeed it was borne in upon him that this rough man, who laughed at his people's sins and looked suspiciously upon their virtues, stood nearer to them than himself, who did perhaps—who knew?—spoil little lives.

Flannagan's eyes did not soften as they rested on the old chief. Because to see a great manhood face darkness without tremor is a good sight. He smiled at the grave courtesy with which Brown Elk welcomed Gerole to his home. For Flannagan urged Gerole often to accompany him. "You shall see for yourself how tamely the Small Plover waits," he said kindly.

And when the Small Plover, sitting listlessly beside her husband, turned her eyes slowly upon him at his speaking, the half-breed caught Flannagan's wink inscrutably. The Small Plover was very quiet, there was not much to which Flannagan could call Gerole's attention, but when they came away together the trader's elbow

touched his with congratulatory emphasis. "If you had put out your hand to-night she would have lain quiet in it," he said.

Gerole shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps," he said.

The missionary would not have understood. Knowing all the sad history of Gerole's escapades, he would not have comprehended his savage code of honor nor believed that until Brown Elk had kept the fatal tryst with death, Gerole would have cut off his brown hand at the wrist rather than put it out to Small Plover under present conditions.

But this Flannagan understood.

Meanwhile, as the day of the tryst approached, there was little change in Brown Elk's manner. Always of a somber nature, the coming tragedy served, perhaps, to increase his usual dignity of bearing. He seemed to love Small Plover more and more as the day approached when he must leave her forever. He remained at home for longer periods at a time, and there was something pathetic in the way he followed her when she wandered out through the forest. It was only on long hunts far from the rest of his tribe that he allowed the helplessness of his position to affect him. Often he paused while following the trail and clutched his brow, thoughts of the hunt for the time submerged in the consciousness of his inevitable fate.

With Gerole, too, the winter had dealt harshly. Labor of any kind was never pleasant to him and absolute necessity was the only force which could drive him to the hunt. Morning after morning, his mother would point in vain to a bear or a deer across the lake or to the trail of some smaller animal on the shore. He would begin the chase with vigor, but evening would find him care-free, gambling with two or three young bucks as improvident as he, the object of the morning entirely forgotten. When provender for the next day's meal was absolutely lacking, he would usually find some about the camp, for he was popular and clever in his way, and usually to draw crude pictures on a skin would earn a few pounds of meat. Then idleness would once more ensue.

Flannagan, returning from a hunt, called upon Brown Elk and found his wife alone and weeping.

He laid his hand on the Small Plover's smooth, bent head.

"Poor little Plover," he crooned in the vernacular—"is there no woman who can help you?—the missionary's wife?"

The Plover lifted her head defiantly.

"She thinks I am one of the rest," she said sullenly.

"And you are." His eyes pitied her.

"Oh, yes; I am one of the rest," she said, and her face was hidden in her arms again.

"But see—they are not so bad, your people. The women, they are not kind to you now, because you will not allow them to be, but if you went to them in your trouble——"

The Plover lifted her face to him.

"See, Flannagan," she said to him, speaking in English, which is a sorry thing for a Sioux maiden to do. "They should not have sent me away. They should not have shown me what lies outside, and then brought me back to this. I hate them—all my people. I hate myself because I am of them. And yet I am ashamed. It was to punish myself that I married Hehakagi, and now——"

"You should have married Gerole the half-breed," said Flannagan softly.

"Gerole?" She stirred her thin brown hand in listless contempt. "At least my husband is a man," she said, and Flannagan smiled above her.

"Oh, she is very tame, the Plover," he told Gerole that night. "To-day I found her crying, and it was only your name that soothed her. I hope she will be willing to wait a month or two before she marries you. Then there will be no talk."

"It is to be hoped!" said Gerole shortly.

"And then—there will be a good house for you, Louis Gerole—and a wife who will never leave you, not even if you beat her—and land for you to till. And there must be no more long hunts, Louis Gerole, no more wanderings. Brown Elk's widow will expect much."

Gerole stirred uneasily.

"There is a month yet," he said. And after a while, "There is a week yet." And after a longer while, "There is a day yet."

And when the morning of the last day came, Flannagan's face was grave. When



Drawn by Louis Belts.

"SHOUTING INTO THE FORESTS AS SOME ROCK OR SHOAL WAS DEFTLY PASSED."

he met the missionary at the agency store he hesitated whether he should seek advice from this black-garbed little man who would condemn Gerole, try to reason with Brown Elk and fail signally to understand. "No," said Flannagan, and at dusk he went up slowly to Gerole's rude shelter.

He came out smiling, for no one was there but his mother, and she, between puffs of her pipe, surlily informed him that her son had gone down the river in his canoe. She had seen him only an hour ago rounding a bend of the stream, standing upright, guiding his frail craft through the eddies

by balancing his weight and shouting into the forests as some rock or shoal was deftly passed.

"North, this time," said the agent of whom the trader made inquiries. "We'll see him back when snow flies. He's a queer beggar, that half-breed—child and savage both."

"Have you seen Brown Elk?" inquired Flannagan.

"Saw him driving his cattle down to the creek. Old fellow's head was higher than ever."

"So?" said Flannagan, and then a certain note in the agent's laugh—the sympathetic note—struck him. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"There is a small Elk born to her ladyship the Plover," the agent said.

Flannagan whistled. "So?" he said softly, and he went down to the creek where the darkness hung thick above the rushes and the Brown Elk waited. Flannagan saw the head and shoulders of the Indian silhouetted against the pale evening sky.

"Magnificent old buck!" he said aloud. He had lived the greater part of his life among these people, but there were phases of them which brought the tears to his eyes yet.

Brown Elk turned as the rushes whined under Flannagan's feet.

"There is a child, Gerole," he said gently—"that will be yours."

Flannagan explained, and Brown Elk lifted his head and looked away over the dark shimmer of prairies to where the moon was rising in the east. Then he spoke huskily.

"You must go for Louis Gerole," he said. "You must tell him that the Plover is waiting. I have kept my year because it was mine, and because there has been much darkness and few moon-rays in my life. But I am an old, dry, mildewed log, as he said, and a young wife can only weep beside me. I have known this—the sting of many arrows is not so sharp as that knowing, but because the year was mine I kept it. Now the year ends, and you shall go to Gerole and tell him that the Plover waits."

Flannagan caught the hilt of the knife between his fingers. His words leaped crude

and unhampered, and the gist of them was that this grand old chief, in the gorgeous tragedy of his renunciation, was a variety of fools.

"You will go back, old lunatic," he commanded. "You will go back with me and hear the Plover call for you. If she does not call, the blade will last. But you will go back."

When he had finished, the Brown Elk stood thoughtful. "Through many hunts you have been my friend," he said at last—"and wise. You have seen tracks that I failed to see. You have been right where I was wrong. Now you think that I should return, and this morning the cry of a man-child called me. I will return, and if my wife shall call me I will stay. I am an old man, but, after all, there is a love of life in me."

And through the darkness they went back to the Plover.

She lay very quietly against her pillows, and the women who had come to her padded gently about in the outer room, and whispered guttural and kindly comments, and lifted warning fingers against Flannagan's entrance.

But the Plover called him softly, and he went to her.

Her wide eyes—the unutterably pathetic eyes of her race—greeted him happily.

"Well, Small Plover?" he said gently. He laid his big hand on her small one. "It is well."

"It is all well," she said in the soft Indian tongue. "See, it is mine, dear brother. Look upon him!"

She lifted the gay blanket, and a little brown blot squirmed beneath it. Flannagan touched the ugly wee face with an awkward finger, and she laughed contentedly. "Some day he shall hunt with you," she said. "With you and with his father. And he will be a great man in the tribe. And I—I am his mother. Send his father in to us—the child and me."

And Flannagan went forth smiling, for he knew the miracle had been wrought.

Old Brown Elk waited in the shadows without, and his hand shook in the grasp of Flannagan's.

"She is waiting," said Flannagan. "And there is a great peace about her. Go you in and find it. Bliheya! Hurry!"

OVERCROWDING AND THE REMEDIES FOR IT.

By ARTHUR FOLEY WINNINGTON-INGRAM, Lord Bishop of London.

WHATEVER may be the case in America, the overcrowding of our great cities is by far the gravest social problem that we have to face in England. I have myself lived for nine years in the midst of Bethnal Green, one of the densely crowded districts of East London, and can speak from what I have seen of its physical, moral and even spiritual effects. In one special area, subsequently taken in hand by the London County Council, but which was still untouched when I first went to East London in 1889, infant mortality brought the death-rate up to fifty per thousand a month as opposed to eighteen per thousand as the average for London as a whole. But in addition to those who annually die as infants from overcrowding, there is a real danger to any state in the sickly and stunted condition of those who have not had sufficient air to breathe or room to move in. Numbers were rejected for service in South Africa from our great towns as physically unfit for this reason. And if the physical effect is palpable and obvious, the moral effect is no less evident to those who have eyes to see. Boys and girls are compelled to see and hear things which they ought never to see and hear; there is a coarsening of character, a rubbing off of the bloom of modesty which is the greatest attraction youth possesses; even little children when taken into a great hospital are heard sometimes to use language, unconscious of its meaning, which appals their elders: and all because families are living eight or ten in a room which is in many cases their only room in which to eat as well as to sleep, instead of living, as we believe God intended them to live, in something which can be called a home.

The same reason accounts for the slow progress of spiritual work in the real slums; it is not merely that the inhabitants are often too overworked and overcrowded to be able to give their minds to anything except how to get their daily bread, but they have no room in which to say their prayers if they wanted to do so; all their life from the cradle to the grave is in public; they are under the rules of a tradition which makes chapel-going

or church-going as *outré* a thing as not going to some place of worship on Sunday morning used to be among a different class. Take the great suburban districts to which they go, and you will find, as we shall see presently, that those better off give themselves a new chance spiritually as well as in other ways, and you will find churches, where the population has been caught in time as it has poured down from London proper or up from the country, crowded on a Sunday evening with working-people. Now the serious fact about this evil in London is that it is increasing every year. Since the last census nearly four hundred thousand have been added to the population of London, that is, roughly speaking, forty thousand a year. Country villages outside London, like Tottenham and Edmonton, have grown up into great towns of one hundred and forty thousand people. Nor has the growth of the suburbs relieved the pressure on the center. Rents are rising every year in Whitechapel, and a working-man has been known to traverse two or three miles of Poplar and Stepney before he could find a home for his wife and children. So great is the competition for house-room that the sum paid for the rent refusal of a house is rising every day.

And when you look around to see what thoughtful men have to suggest as a remedy, on no question do you find a greater difference of opinion. Much has been done by voluntary effort with regard to sanitation. Such a body as the Mansion House Council for the dwellings of the poor has its branches in many of the districts of London; there was an active branch in Bethnal Green under the immediate superintendence of the present editor of the "Saturday Review," but what we found was that while we had the people with us with regard to sanitation, they were against us in dealing with overcrowding. They did not want to overcrowd themselves, but when a man had only two shillings sixpence to spare for rent he had to get what he could for his money, and all that he could get for two shillings sixpence was one room, and he strongly objects to any

one coming to turn him out of it. As one caustic speaker said at a great meeting on the subject, and it is needless to say he was a working-man, "Well, a rat in a hole is better than a rat out of a hole, anyway."

What then are the remedies tried or proposed for what all admit is a great evil?

We may divide them into three heads:

First. Buying up unsanitary areas and building or encouraging the building of sanitary property upon them. This policy in London was inaugurated by the Board of Works and has been carried on by the London County Council. Cross's Act in 1875 turned the Metropolitan Board of Works into a compulsory buyer of unsanitary areas. "The Economic Review" criticizes their efforts in the following terms: "In all, the Metropolitan Board of Works bought for clearance about forty-two acres of unsanitary dwellings, and when the sites were sold, subject to the obligation to build for the working-classes, and the accounts made up, it was out of pocket one million three hundred and twenty-three thousand four hundred and fifteen pounds. On these forty-two acres twenty-two thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight persons had lived, so that to put each person out of the unsanitary dwellings the rate-payers of London paid five pounds two shillings and fivepence." This sum, be it remembered, did not provide new houses, but only cheap sites in expensive situations. The London County Council has introduced the practice of doing its own building and letting the dwellings direct to the occupiers. In March, 1893, it adopted what is called the "three per cent. resolution," which runs as follows: "The rents to be charged for the dwellings erected in connection with any specified building scheme or area shall not exceed those ruling in the neighborhood and shall be so fixed that, after providing for all outgoings, interest and sinking-fund charges, there shall be no charge on the County rate in respect of the dwellings on such area, and all such dwellings shall be so designed that the cost of erection may not exceed the sum which will enable the Council to carry out the foregoing conditions. The interest of sinking-fund charges shall be calculated upon the cost of erection plus the value of the site, subject to

the obligation to build dwellings for the working-classes upon it."

Many people even in America have heard of the Boundary Trust Scheme, by which a great area of twenty-two acres was cleared of slums and covered with imposing model dwellings, with wash-houses, club-rooms and every appliance for comfort which a clever young architect could devise.

These buildings are erected on the very site where infant mortality in 1889 was fifty per thousand. No one can give anything but praise to the courage and public spirit shown in this effort by the London County Council, which in this, as in so many other ways, is trying to rise to its responsibilities; but as a cure for overcrowding, there are some obvious criticisms made. When the new buildings were erected and filled, it was found that only eleven people were the same who lived on that spot in previous years. Where were the others? They poured down to the slums, overcrowded before, which lay round the Oxford House in Bethnal Green. Of course none can deny that good was done by providing nice rooms at a moderate rental for policemen, postmen and others who wished to be near their work, and their removal from former dwellings made more room for others to come in. Nevertheless to an inhabitant of the district, as I was myself at the time, it seemed more like stirring up a caldron of soup and bringing the better parts to the top than clearing the scum or in any way diminishing the quantity.

Then again the expense was terrific. I think that they expect to be paid back in sixty years. An account was given this summer at the University Extension Meeting at Oxford of an experiment in Liverpool in demolishing unsanitary houses and rehousing those who were dispossessed: "They were doing this at a cost of two million pounds sterling. The operation involved the demolition of over ten thousand houses, chiefly known as the back-to-back court house, and the erection of over five thousand tenement dwellings. Every tenant they unhoused was offered another home at something near the former rent. These new tenement-houses had two rooms, three rooms, four rooms and some only one room, and the rent was about one pound six shillings a room. The return

from rent against interest and sinking fund was only three per cent., so that they were considerable losers. However, they looked upon it that the community had largely benefited by having the danger of pestilence removed, and therefore the loss was ungrudgingly made up."

But, from another point of view, the most serious criticism I should feel inclined to make on this method as the sole cure for overcrowding is that, when you have taken all this trouble, you have not given the people a real home. It is little better than barrack life after all. You have stuffed up the district and taken away the air with your enormous buildings, and you have left an inner court which is after all a forcing-house for germs of all kinds.

The best rebuilding in the slums which I have seen was in a street called Hart's Lane in Bethnal Green, and this was done by a private owner; the new houses were only two stories high, they were well built and attractive to look at, each story contained one family, and they were always let. I hope that the owner made a good thing out of his improvements, for no doubt he waived an immediate source of profit in keeping his houses low in price and trying to make them look like real homes.

But it is time now to consider another remedy, and one which, if it were possible, would indeed solve the problem, and that is removing the factories themselves into the country. It is with nothing short of envy that one hears Mr. Leon describe the success of Port Sunlight, where he has established a model town or village round his soap manufactories; one reads, too, of the Bournville village established by Mr. Cadbury round his chocolate works outside Birmingham. Here, one feels, is the real cure: not to have to create a great, unnatural gulf between a man's home and his work, not to have either to convey his tired body ten, fifteen or twenty miles each day or to stew him up in the slums, but to let the poor man have his home by his factory, with its bit of garden into which he can go out after hours and breathe the fresh air, keep in touch with nature, leave his dullness behind him and live the life of a man and not of an animal or a machine.

Mr. Cadbury believes that it is impossible to have a truly vigorous race which does

not come in contact with the land, that in the garden will be found the only successful rival to the public-house, and that the land, when cultivated by hand, will bring in as much as fifty pounds an acre. A six-room cottage is let for six shillings a week, with a garden attached which may bring in two shillings sixpence a week.

To extend this idea, Mr. Cadbury has with great generosity founded the Bournville Village Trust. The property consists of three hundred and thirty acres with three hundred and seventy cottages. The total rent is five thousand two hundred and forty-six pounds a year, and the value of the gift is a hundred and seventy to a hundred and eighty thousand pounds. This sum is devoted to the development of the estate, and after that to the purchase of other estates for the like purpose.

Such a picture, to any one who loves nature and his fellow-men, is attractive beyond words, but it needs for its realization employers animated by true Christian principles and by a largeness of idea and a conception of life which are not given to all employers of labor. Doubtless also what is possible with some manufacturers would be impossible with others.

Mr. Charles Booth, in private conversation, ridiculed the idea that it was possible by any law to prevent factories being added on to London or other large towns, if the owners desire to bear the heavy rates and other expenses which the presence of the factory in a large town entails.

The last question then is, What can be done under existing circumstances? And it is the "Tuppenny Tube" and the electric tram which seem our only way of salvation.

(The Central London Railway, or "Tuppenny Tube," has been for a year and a half the first in operation of a series of underground electric railways for London, and runs from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank of England, a distance of about seven miles. The road is built in two circular iron-lined tunnels, or tubes, into which the train fits somewhat snugly. Another line from St. John's Wood to Waterloo Station is in active construction and others are projected. In many ways the "tube" is distinctly an American innovation. The arrangements for selling and taking up

tickets are those in use on the elevated railways of New York. Passengers are conveyed to and from the trains in enormous elevators. The uniform fare of two-pence for any distance, which is reduced one-half to the laboring classes at certain hours, gives the road its popular name. Curiously enough, in spite of its marked convenience, comfort and cleanliness, the "Tuppenny Tube" has not found favor with the upper classes, who are unable to reconcile themselves to the same accommodation for all classes of passengers.)

Every one knows the vast difficulties we have to encounter even here. With St. Paul's Cathedral so much undermined by excavations for railways as to be almost unsafe; with the enormous expense before us of the "Tuppenny Tube," which, it is said, even the vast number of travelers will not pay back for many years; with the extraordinary rise in rents of existing houses, and in the price of building-land the moment a tube begins to burrow its way in any direction or an electric tram to clank its course, none can deny the difficulties which beset this remedy. Even in bringing up the men and women and girls from Edmonton every morning the railway system has broken down more than once, and the fact that we have to open our city churches round the great stations in order that women and girls may have some place to wait between the last cheap train at 6 A.M. and their work at 8 A.M. shows how little even now the motive-power is sufficient to grapple with the great crowd to be moved to and fro; nor can we be blind to the objection that municipal housing may discourage private enterprise. And therefore the plan which many of us favor in London under the lead of Mr. Charles Booth, the well-known historian and statistician of the present population of London, is that the County Council should have the power of making railways and acquiring land outside the area of existing London, and should then encourage the formation on such land of working-class quarters on regulations to be drawn up by the laborers themselves.

There is no space to give in detail the scheme with regard to remedying the evil of overcrowding by the creation of model districts connected by cheap transportation with the business center of London. The

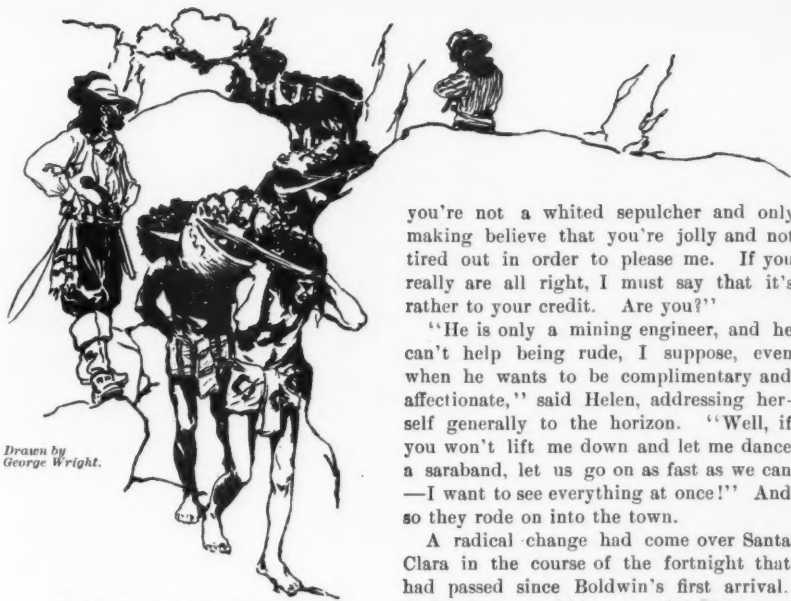
mayors of the new Borough Councils of London were invited to consider this subject in January last and the plan was received by them in the main with approval. With regard to the arrangements of transportation, however, it is necessary to insist that they shall be controlled by some central authority so as to avoid competition or overlapping of routes. If Parliament is disinclined to trust the County Council, there should be a controlling board appointed by Parliament itself which must direct and control all private companies making railways from the center to the circumference.

The moment an area of land is selected for the site of such a community, an excessive rise in price takes place inevitably. In order to avoid the effect of this, it is suggested that large portions be obtained by the County Council at once at all points of the circumference and held over until needed.

Moreover, it would be entirely possible for the Council to hold title to the land and permit the laborer himself to erect the cottage. Thus would be avoided the common reproach that private enterprise is systematically discouraged—a reproach which is met with almost always when any effort is made on behalf of the municipality to grapple with the problem at all.

At the same time it must be said that the County Council proposes, we hear, to plant thirty-three thousand people on one hundred and seventy-nine acres in the country near Tottenham and to build houses for them. This experiment will be watched with the keenest interest, for if it succeeds, it will prove the shallowness of objections which seem formidable at a distance, while if it fails, it may show us in its very failure the opening to the true solution.

For indeed no one knows yet the true solution. Every man, it has been said, must be his own Columbus and find his continent of truth, and this is certainly true as to the cure for overcrowding; we can only ceaselessly watch and think and scheme, and, if we are believers in God, pray that some time we may see daylight, that we may at any rate be feeling our way in the right direction and perhaps suddenly round an unexpected corner be guided into the haven where we would be.



Drawn by
George Wright.

FORFEIT TO THE GODS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

PART SECOND.

I.

WHEN Helen first caught sight of the town of Santa Clara, from the crest of the hill where the trail came out from the cañon, her instantly expressed desire was that she might be lifted down from her horse and given an opportunity to dance a saraband.

"Not that I'm at all clear as to what a saraband is, you know, Laurie," she went on; "but I'm sure from the name of it that it must be a dance of delight—and I never was so much delighted with anything as I am with this beautiful valley almost on the roof of the mountains and with this beautiful old town. You dear boy, it was just like you to pick out a place like this to bring me to; and to pretend that perhaps I shouldn't like it, and so give me this lovely surprise. Indeed I do really just want to dance for joy."

"Well, I can't say exactly that I did pick it out," Laurence answered. "Our esteemed friend the Major did the picking—that and stealing are both more or less in his line. But I'm glad you like it, Nelly; and that you come up so smiling after your twenty-mile ride. That is, if

you're not a whited sepulcher and only making believe that you're jolly and not tired out in order to please me. If you really are all right, I must say that it's rather to your credit. Are you?"

"He is only a mining engineer, and he can't help being rude, I suppose, even when he wants to be complimentary and affectionate," said Helen, addressing herself generally to the horizon. "Well, if you won't lift me down and let me dance a saraband, let us go on as fast as we can—I want to see everything at once!" And so they rode on into the town.

A radical change had come over Santa Clara in the course of the fortnight that had passed since Baldwin's first arrival. Under the spur of his energy it had become again thrillingly and vigorously alive. He had five hundred men at work on the wagon-road up through the cañon, and another hundred clearing away the rubbish about the shaft and making ready for the setting up of the stamps; and as most of these men had brought along their wives, and samples of their children, the population of the town had risen to more than two thousand at a bound. The newcomers had taken squatter's titles to such of the beautiful old houses as best pleased their fancies—no doubt thanking their lucky stars that had brought them to dwell in palaces—and with the adaptability of easy-going natures found themselves instantly at home. A score of little shops had been opened, bar-rooms and gambling-dens were plentiful, a cockpit had been established, and enterprising citizens were beginning to talk about bringing up the bulls. The streets no longer were deserted. By day the women and children passed and repassed along them; and at night, when work was over, they were thronged. On Sundays, when all hands blissfully were at leisure to enjoy themselves, what with gambling and cock-fighting and drunkenness and rows, Santa Clara was most obstreperously gay.

Work was just over for the day as Helen

and Laurence rode into the Plaza. The usual evening crowd had begun to form there, and the women—among whom the announcement of Helen's coming had caused great excitement—were out in especial force. None of them ever had seen an Americana; and most of them, scouting the assertion of the men, expected her to be copper-red. But everybody was disposed to welcome her, and there was instantly a buzz of friendly greeting and all the dark faces shone with friendly smiles.

"What a dear warm-hearted people these Mexicans are, Laurie!" Helen exclaimed with enthusiasm; and she returned in kind the cordial greeting, while they halted for a moment until the great doors of their palace should be unbarred.

"Very!" was Laurence's sententious answer—to which he added mentally: "When they are not robbing you or sticking a knife into you!" But a part of this severe comment was unjust—a Mexican robber usually is one of the most good-natured creatures in the world.

Helen did not notice the crisp brevity of his response. Just then the doors were swung open—by an elderly woman smiling like the Easter sun—and as they rode into the courtyard her mind was filled completely with a delighted wonder and surprise. Indeed, a much cooler observer than Helen was just then would have been moved to a scarcely less lively admiration. In itself the great court—with its central fountain and broad sweep of stairway and cloistered gallery, all of stone wrought richly—was of a stately magnificence. Under Laurence's careful touch it had become also beautiful. He had caused it to be made immaculate, and then to be most graciously adorned. Growing flowers were everywhere—surrounding and partly covering the fountain, clustered about the foot of the wide stairway, thence rising in planes beside the heavy stone balustrade, and so carrying the lines of bright color upward to the hanging gardens of the gallery. It all was so entirely charming, and so utterly beyond her immediate expectation, that her first comment upon it was only a deep sigh of joy.

"Oh, Laurie!" she cried at last. "How *could* you tell me that it was 'a ramshackly old Mexican house' we were coming to?

It is as beautiful as the most beautiful palace in a dream!"

"Well, you see," he answered, as he swung her down from her horse, "the place is in rather better shape now than when I first reported on it. But it really is pretty ramshackly, in spots; and I'm afraid you'll find it runs a good deal less to comfort than it does to style." And then he added: "This is Joséfa, Nelly"—and the elderly woman, as her name was spoken, came forward smiling and kissed Helen's hand. "She's the daughter of Benito, the old fellow I was telling you about whose mother was cook to the English people, sixty years ago," Laurence explained—when he had translated Joséfa's little speech of welcome and Helen's gracious reply. "It's odd that we should get our cook out of the same family, isn't it? But she seems to be a good soul, and very much disposed to like you, and so I hope you and she will hit it off. And now come on upstairs. But it's only fair to warn you that the best part of this house is the outside of it, and there's not much up there to see."

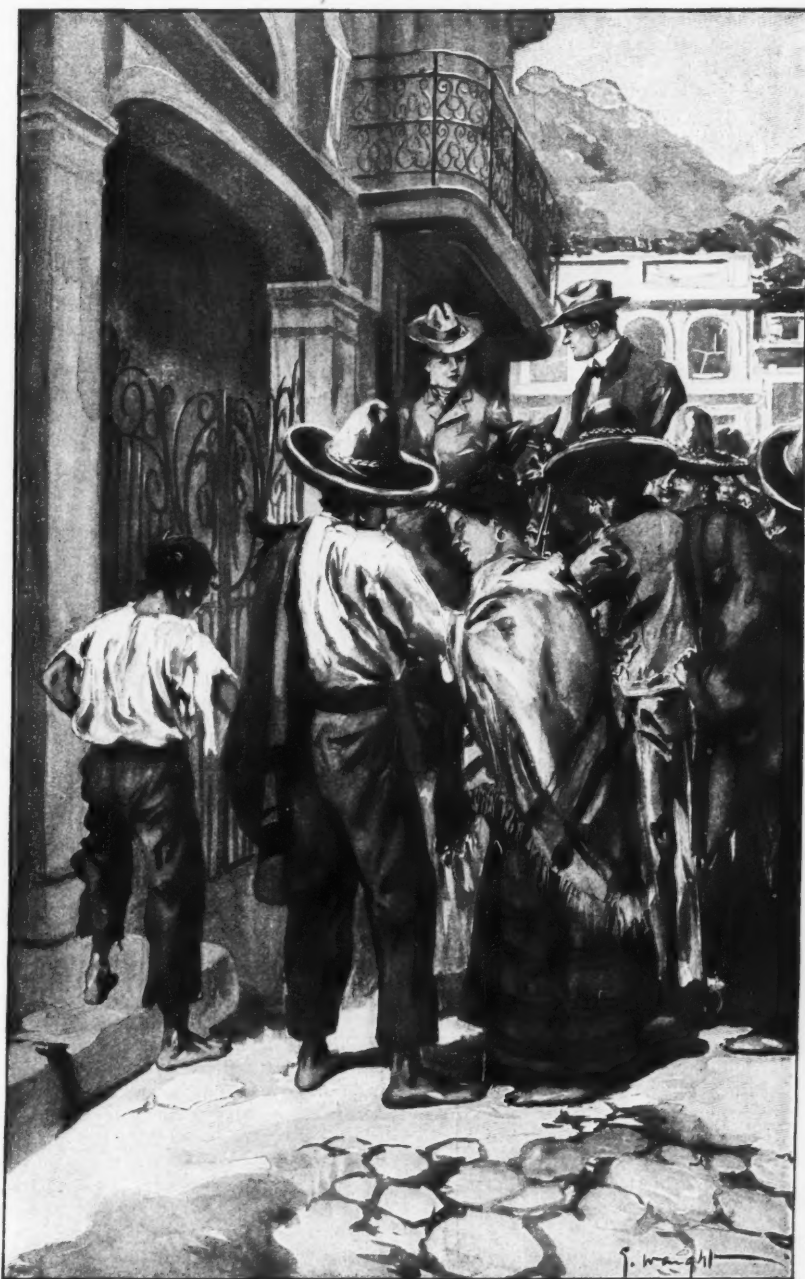
He led her up the stairway and along the gallery, opening some of the doors to show her the huge empty rooms—dingy and broken, yet still compelling respect by an air of grandeur that even their shabbiness could not take away.

"There is some hitch in the custom-house," he said with great seriousness, "and ten car-loads of our furniture, including the tapestries and armor and marble statues, have not got here yet. As soon as they come, of course, these rooms will be put in order. The pictures will be here a little later. As I needed them by the dozen I found that it was cheaper to buy them in France.

"But here," he added, opening another door, "I have made a beginning. This is our dining-room. As you perceive, its appointments are elegant but chastely severe."

"Everything is here that any reasonable human being could ask for," Helen answered. "I dislike crowded rooms, anyway. And how pretty you have made it with these bright-colored mats on the stone floor!"

"The furniture looks a little lonely, doesn't it? A dresser and a table and two chairs don't make much impression on a



Drawn by George Wright.
"THEY HALTED FOR A MOMENT, UNTIL THE GREAT DOORS OF THEIR PALACE SHOULD BE UNBARRED."

room big enough for a town hall. But now you shall see the Pullman. That's better. It's your own particular den, you know—a sort of private car."

The room that he led her into, one of the suite that had taken his fancy on the day of his arrival, was in the southwest angle of the building. Compared with the state chambers through which they had passed it seemed cozily small, and really was not much more than five-and-twenty feet square. In each of its outer walls were two tall windows, opening on stone balconies guarded by iron railings wrought in flourishes and scrolls. Through the western windows the sunshine entered in slanting rays, and from them was a delectable sunset view: out across the Plaza and up the green slope of the Cerro to the dark mountain-peaks outlined against the glowing sky.

Laurence had succeeded triumphantly in his effort to make this room comfortable and homelike. The delicate carving of the stone chimneypiece, hidden by many layers of whitewash, had been revived by careful cleaning; the dull white of the walls had been changed to a soft gray, against which the prints and water-colors from his bachelor quarters stood out effectively; hangings had been placed at the doors and windows; and the whole of the stone floor had been carpeted—this last as great a comfort on the chilly highlands of Mexico as it was a wild extravagance. He had added a lounge and some seductively easy chairs to the stiff English furniture, including a low sewing-chair of old-fashioned design that matched the little work-table quite wonderfully. A bookcase stood against one wall; a davenport that Helen had taken a fancy to in a New York shop, and then had forgotten, was placed beside a window; and the identical lamp that she had admired in another shop in New York was standing on the big mahogany table in the midst of a litter of new novels and fresh magazines.

As she looked about her and saw these various evidences of the trouble that he had taken, in the thick of his hard work, to make her comfortable; and as the climax was reached in her sudden recognition of the davenport and the lamp, her lips trembled a little and her eyes filled with tears. But all that she said, as she put

her arms around him and laid her head on his shoulder, was: "Oh, Laurie! How good you are to me! I can't thank you at all!"

"Well, I must say," said Laurence presently, "that you can make a pretty good shot at it. If that isn't thanking, then I don't know much about thanks!" And he added, speaking very seriously: "It is all the other way, Helen. I never can do enough to show how grateful I am to you for being willing to come down here with me to live."

There was another pause, at the end of which Helen said: "As though I could be anything but delighted to have a chance to live in a palace in Paradise; and as though I could live anywhere at all, you dear boy, without you!"

They stood together at one of the western windows, looking out at the sunset above the Cerro—until they were startled by Joséfa's voice directly behind them bidding them come to supper. Joséfa wore her feet bare, just as God had given them to her, and she moved about the house as silently as a ghost. Helen blushed delightfully as they disentangled themselves—and her liking for the old woman was the warmer because of the motherly friendliness of her smile.

II.

Laurence likened their huge supper-room to the Desert of Sahara, and their table in the midst of it to an oasis. Pursuing this fancy, he announced his intention of procuring camels—by means of which they could traverse without fatigue the magnificent distances of their abode. Helen objected to camels, on the ground of their bored expression and the lazy insolence of their inquiring gaze. A tandem tricycle would be better, she said; with an ordinary tricycle for herself when she went about the house alone. And then they discarded both of these projects in favor of an electric tramway around the gallery, with sidings run in to way-stations in the several rooms. Laurence wanted to add a long-distance telephone, to save the wear and tear incident to railway travel to and from the kitchen. But what was the good of a telephone, Helen asked with much good sense, when she knew scarcely any Spanish, and Joséfa knew no English at all? Un-

less, she added, questioningly, there were a translating telephone? Laurence was under the impression that such a telephone recently had been invented, and announced his intention of writing to New York about it at once. And so they went on talking nonsense—for they were full of hope for the future and very light of heart.

The supper was a brilliant success. Joséfa had a sound knowledge of cooking, and she had employed it soulfully in the preparation of this particular meal. When Laurence complimented her upon it, and then translated to her Helen's enthusiastic praise, she beamed upon them; and as she patted Helen's shoulder she declared that with the help of the blessed saints the Señorita always should be well served. Helen took the old woman's hand in both of hers and said "Gracias, Joséfa"—and from that moment they were sworn friends.

When the supper was ended they went back to the library—as Helen decided their room of state should be called—and there Laurence made her light the surprise-lamp, because it was her own especial property; and then, when he had laid it, the fire—because this was the first fire on the hearth of their first home. Indeed, quite apart from sentiment, the fire was desirable. They were seven thousand feet above sea-level, and the night air was chill.

These ceremonies having been performed, he settled himself in one of the easy-chairs and with great content watched her while she made a journey of minute exploration—such as a cat would make, he told her, upon coming into a strange room. The pictures and the books especially, and curiously, interested her—for they belonged to the remote and nebulous part of his life before they were married; but every article in the room received in turn her considerate attention, even to the stiff English sofa and the stiffer chairs. The little work-table she saved deliberately until the last. There was a pathos about this forsaken scrap of furniture—once so intimately associated with the young Englishwoman who had lived in those very rooms—that strangely touched her heart.

Placing it in front of Laurence, and seating herself at his feet on the English footstool in such a fashion that his knees made a back to lean against, she settled herself

to examining it carefully. One by one she drew out the dusty drawers; but found in them only some empty thread-winders and a stray button or two, until in the last that she opened she came upon a shabby little needle-case and a scrap cut from a newspaper. On the needle-case the name "Eleanor" was worked in faded red silk, the lettering so coarse and irregular as to show that it must have been done by a child. She could make nothing at all of the scrap of newspaper; but Laurence recognized it as the report of a speech in the House of Commons belonging to the period of Radical agitation which preceded the Reform Bill. From the vigor of the language in which his highly Conservative sentiments were expressed it was evident that "the Hon. John Vivian, Member for Stoke-Hopping," had been a thoroughgoing Tory of the old school. Laurence laughed as he read aloud this bit of resurrected rage against the coming of the inevitable; but Helen, holding the little needle-case very tenderly in her hand, did not laugh.

Something caught the drawer as she pushed it back into its place. Drawing it out again, she turned the table so that the light shone full in the recess. And then she gave a little start as she cried: "Oh, Laurie, I do believe that it is a letter!"

Truly, it was a letter that she drew forth: a little three-cornered note, the paper yellow with dust and age, and the ink so faded and the fine pointed writing so nearly illegible that she read with difficulty the address: "For Miss Vivian, The Rectory, Stoke-Hopping."

Helen partly unfolded it. "Do you think we ought to read it, Laurie?" she asked. "It may be something, you know, that Miss Vivian would not like us to see."

"Then Miss Vivian ought to have taken better care of it," Laurence answered. "Crack ahead, or I'll read it myself."

Helen needed no very strong urging to overcome her scruples. Yet she opened the note hesitatingly, and there was a half-apologetic tone in her voice as she read aloud these words: "Lord and Lady Towersby's compliments to Miss Vivian and beg she will favour them with her Company to Dinner on Wednesday next." Below was added: "You must come, Nelly. The Gentleman who is going to Mexico will

be hear, and so wants to see you." And below this again: "Tell your Father that Towersby is *Delighted* with that Splendid speech of your Uncle John's."

"Lady Towersby's notions of spelling were eccentric," said Laurence, who had been looking over Helen's shoulder. "And so, I suppose, Miss Vivian went to the dinner and there met 'the gentleman who was going to Mexico' and who wanted 'so' to see her; and, no doubt, that was the way she happened to come to Mexico herself. I must say it's quite a little romance. Well, she must be rising eighty by this time, and a great-grandmother—that is, if she's still alive—and so the romance has about come to an end."

Helen was silent for a moment, while she clasped Laurence's hand in both of hers tightly. "It's like seeing ghosts!" she said, her voice shaking a little. "I wish, I wish we hadn't found it—at least, not this first night, just after we'd lighted our first fire in our first home. How cold the room is. I am shivering."

"No wonder you're shivering, you foolish child. Don't you see that the fire has gone out?"

"The fire gone out! The first fire on our own first hearthstone! Oh, Laurie, that is a *very* bad sign. Things must be going to go all wrong here. We had better give up this horrid mine and get away as soon as we can."

"Nonsense!" said Laurence, with the first touch of roughness in his tone that ever she had heard. And then, with a hasty repentance, he added gently: "My poor little girl! You are all done up with your day's work. You're utterly tired out, that's what's the matter with you. I'll get the fire to going again in no time. 'It takes a fool to make a fire,' you know. You could not make it, you see, because you are not a fool. But I must say that your absurd talk about ghosts and omens justifies me in calling you a little goose!"

But even when the fire was blazing again, and when Laurence had done his best by petting her and by talking nonsense to her to drive away her boding thoughts, Helen's good spirits did not entirely return. And, in spite of himself, Laurence was not nearly so cheerful as he pretended to be. He remembered the nervous fancies

which had beset him that first night when he came to Santa Clara alone; fancies of which Helen had known nothing, yet which were so curiously like her own. It was odd, he thought, that each of them should have the same feeling of nameless dread upon entering into this their kingdom where they were so well agreed that only happiness should reign.

III.

In the freshness and brightness of the next morning they laughed at their overnight melancholy. It was the height of absurdity, Helen declared, to be anything but joyful when they were in the very act of beginning to make an enormous fortune amidst surroundings abounding in delights. Her only sorrow, she added, was that when their fortune was made they would have to go somewhere else to spend it—and so turn their backs upon the most perfect home in which two lovers ever lived.

It was at the breakfast-table that she gave utterance to these cheerful sentiments, and she ended them—breakfast also being ended—by seizing upon Laurence and dancing him, in what she asserted was a saraband, completely around the great room. When they stopped, and she had got her breath again, she announced that her high duty that morning was to make an inspired pudding wherewith to delight him after his return from the labors of the day. In pursuance of this lofty purpose she begged that he would call up the camels and take her to the distant kitchen; and that he there would explain her intentions to Joséfa, to the end that she might obtain the materials necessary to give her inspiration a bodily form.

Having arranged the preliminaries of this bilingual and international culinary undertaking, in which Joséfa manifested a most friendly and lively interest, Laurence descended to the courtyard and rode off to his day's work. As he passed out through the great doorway he looked back and saw Helen, over the hanging garden of the gallery, waving him with a ladle another farewell. The sunlight, striking down on her, made gleams of golden light in her brown hair, and as she leaned out across the stone railing her face was framed in sun-bright flowers. It was the most beautiful



Drawn by George Wright.

"DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO READ IT, LAURIE?" SHE ASKED.

picture, he thought, that ever he had seen.

But he could not suffer his thoughts to dwell long on his happiness, all of his wits just then being needed for the work that he had in hand. Indeed, he had more work in hand than he well could attend to. His strong desire to hurry forward his whole line of attack had led him to begin operations on a large scale without waiting for the coming of Harstairs—whose engagement with the railroad construction company could not instantly be canceled—and he was finding that his haste to do two men's work was not resulting in speed.

Excepting his American storekeeper, the silent Kelton, and his German bookkeeper and paymaster, Schlemmer, his entire force, gangmasters and all, was Mexican. This would not have been an easy force to manage in any circumstances; and it was made an extremely difficult force to manage by its necessary division into two sections, one employed at road-building and the other at clearing up around the mine, five miles apart.

Baldwin got very tired at times of his Mexicans—with their endless good nature, and their endless capacity for soldiering and for going all wrong. Down in the cañon, that morning, he found one gang piling up earth on a section of the line where the grade-stakes already were two feet under the surface; and another gang was supplying the material for this most irrational fill by deepening a cut that already was a foot below grade. They all seemed much amused when they comprehended the mess they had been making; and with smiling faces set to work in their slow fashion to carry back the earth—on their little stretchers holding a scant barrow-load, each operated by two men—to the place whence it had come. And the foreman replied to Baldwin's reproaches with a calm philosophy: "The Señor need not disturb himself. In another day all will be set right again"—and by way of a clincher added the consoling proverb: "The devil makes the middle, but it is God who gives the good end."

Up at the mine, as he found when he got back there, no mistakes had been made; but this was due mainly to the fact that work had been pretty much at a standstill while he had been away. They had not

quite understood the Señor's directions, the men explained, and had thought it wiser to do nothing than to offend him by doing something wrong. Which brazenly impudent assertion only made his Saxon nature the more righteously rage.

Laurence had been through experiences of this sort time and again with his Mexican miners in Arizona—but he never had known until that day the delight of coming home in the middle of his worrying work to a wife who held that her mission in life was to make him forget, as far as possible, that there was either work or worry in the world. And never, in the course of his engineering life, had he come home to such a luncheon as Helen and Joséfa had ready for him! But when he praised this feast, with a just enthusiasm, he was bidden mysteriously to wait until dinner-time and he would see greater wonders still! They both were vastly excited over the pudding that Helen had been making, but never a word would they tell him about it—for Helen, by much digging in the dictionary and phrase-book, had achieved the sentence, "La morcilla es un secrety del Señor"; and although the compound that she had been making was not in the least a black-pudding, Joséfa had grasped her meaning and was as a smiling oyster for dumbness when Laurence questioned her.

"Joséfa really is the dearest old body in the world, Laurie," Helen said. "She has helped me in the very nicest way. She has talked to me steadily the whole morning, just as if I could understand her; and I really do begin to understand her a little. 'Caliente' means 'hot,' and 'poco á poco' I'm sure means 'in a little while.' Almost everything is 'poco á poco' with Joséfa. I think that must be where we get our English word 'poky,' don't you?"

"Unquestionably," Laurence answered with great seriousness; and in the same tone continued, as he rose from the table and moved toward the door: "Many words are identical in the two languages, though the rule, of course, is the other way. But what you especially will notice in Spanish is its conciseness: its power to express in a single word a concept which cannot be expressed in English without the use of a phrase. Thus"—here he opened the door and took up a position just outside of it,

with his hand on the knob—"the little word 'tontita' means——"

"Well?" queried Helen, who was surprised by this erudite discourse but much interested.

"——a dear little goose!" he added, as he shut the door behind him with a bang and ran for it down the outer stairs.

However, he apologized for this piece of impudence when he came home again; and his apologies were accepted the more readily because he came back early enough to take Helen a walk about the town. Together they explored two or three of the beautiful old houses, making up romantic stories about their former inhabitants; they rambled through some of the gardens, in which untrimmed fruit-trees and riotous vines and flowers and weeds grew rank together in a half-savage wilderness; and they ended by entering the old church—built to the glory of the blessed Santa Clara in that long-past time of plenty when the stream of great riches was pouring forth from the mine.

Day was so nearly ended that the shadows within the church were dense and strong. The exquisite details of the carved and gilded altars, rising along both sides of the nave from the floor to the spring of the vaulted roof, only could be guessed at; the paintings inserted into them, by day a part of their magnificence, were but black expanses in the maze of points and curves and bosses of faintly gleaming gold; even the many beautifully modeled figures of saints, though standing out on their golden brackets against the soft sheen of a golden background, loomed vague and shadowy—yet so took on a certain ghostly dignity which made them at once more saintly and more real.

From the entrance onward, the richness of this scheme of decoration constantly increased; reaching a penultimate of gorgeousness in the transept altars, and in the high-altar a resplendent climax. Filling all the upper plane of this last was a great picture—on which still fell a strong light from the western windows in the dome—that was the church's chief artistic treasure. It was a Death of Santa Clara; not unlike Murillo's picture in general treatment, but with a strong individuality which showed itself in many details, and most markedly

in its exquisitely harmonized scheme of bright color and in its tenderly warm effects of light and shade. Helen sighed softly as she looked at it, and whispered to Laurence that it was the most beautiful picture that ever she had seen. And so—her acquaintance with pictures not extending beyond the coasts of her own continent—it very well might have been: for this Death of Santa Clara was one of the masterpieces of Cabrera—that great artist whose name scarcely is known outside of Mexico, and even in Mexico but scantily is honored, but whose works abide to win him in time's fullness a noble fame.

While they stood looking at the picture a door in the transept opened and a white-haired Brother came forth—moving with an old man's slow feebleness, and so silently that he seemed to be one of the ghostly saints stepped down from off an altar and like enough at any moment to melt away into the shadows of which he was a part. By approaches a little roundabout, as though shyly, he came toward them; but when Laurence courteously spoke to him, and Helen greeted him with a bow that without intention on her part had in it a touch of reverence, he joined them frankly; and presently, after some words about the picture, seemed to enjoy this chance to let his old tongue wag on.

His talk was of a gentle, simple sort; going little beyond the trifling happenings of his own daily life, and not at all beyond the small interests of his forgotten town—in which he had dwelt, he told them, for more than sixty years. He was born there, he said; and the good Brothers had sheltered him, because of his poverty, in the convent while yet he was a little boy—and there he ever since had remained, taking the vows of the Order before he was a grown man. He was known as Fray Arcadio, he added, and was the youngest of the seven Brothers left in Santa Clara; and there was a tenderly humorous testimony to his still inherent feeling of youthfulness in his grave statement that some of the Brothers were very old.

As he babbled on they found that his chief concern in life was the well-being of a certain fig-tree, which he had planted in the convent garden more than fifty years before. Once, in a summer of extraordi-

nary heat, figs had ripened upon his tree—wonderful figs, delicious figs, the like of which never had been known! But only in that one happy year had this great joy been granted to him. The buds came duly in their appointed season, and then the little figs formed; but long before their ripening time they withered and fell away. It was because of the great altitude, he said, that the figs thus withered and were lost. Yet did he always live in hope that another such burning summer might come again, and with it the happiness of picking ripe figs off his own tree once more before he died. Did not the Señor think, he asked, that from the way the autumn was opening there was a promise of unusual heat in the summer that was to come? There was a pathetic strain of wistfulness in his tone as he asked this question; and he evidently was comforted by Laurence's prompt rejoinder that there was every sign to indicate that the coming summer would be one of the hottest ever known!

The Señor must come into the convent garden some day and see his fig-tree, he said cordially. He was sorry, he added, that the Señora could not come also. It was not his fault, she must understand; but because all women were forbidden entrance to the convent or to the convent grounds. But perhaps she would be willing, he went on presently—evidently much pleased with having found this solution of the matter—to make her observation of it from the church belfry, to which she might go freely. The view from there was excellent; sometimes he had thought that from there was the best view of all. They would understand, of course, that the tree was at its worst now, being leafless; but, on the other hand, they certainly could see better its beautiful shape when it thus was bare. Would the Señora, with the Señor's permission and in his company, come; and very soon—perhaps even the next day? And the old Brother quite bubbled over with gratitude when Helen promised—with such alacrity that he understood her meaning before Laurence had translated her words—that on the following day the visit surely would be paid. He came to the church door with them, still chattering on about his wonderful fig-tree; and as they walked homeward in

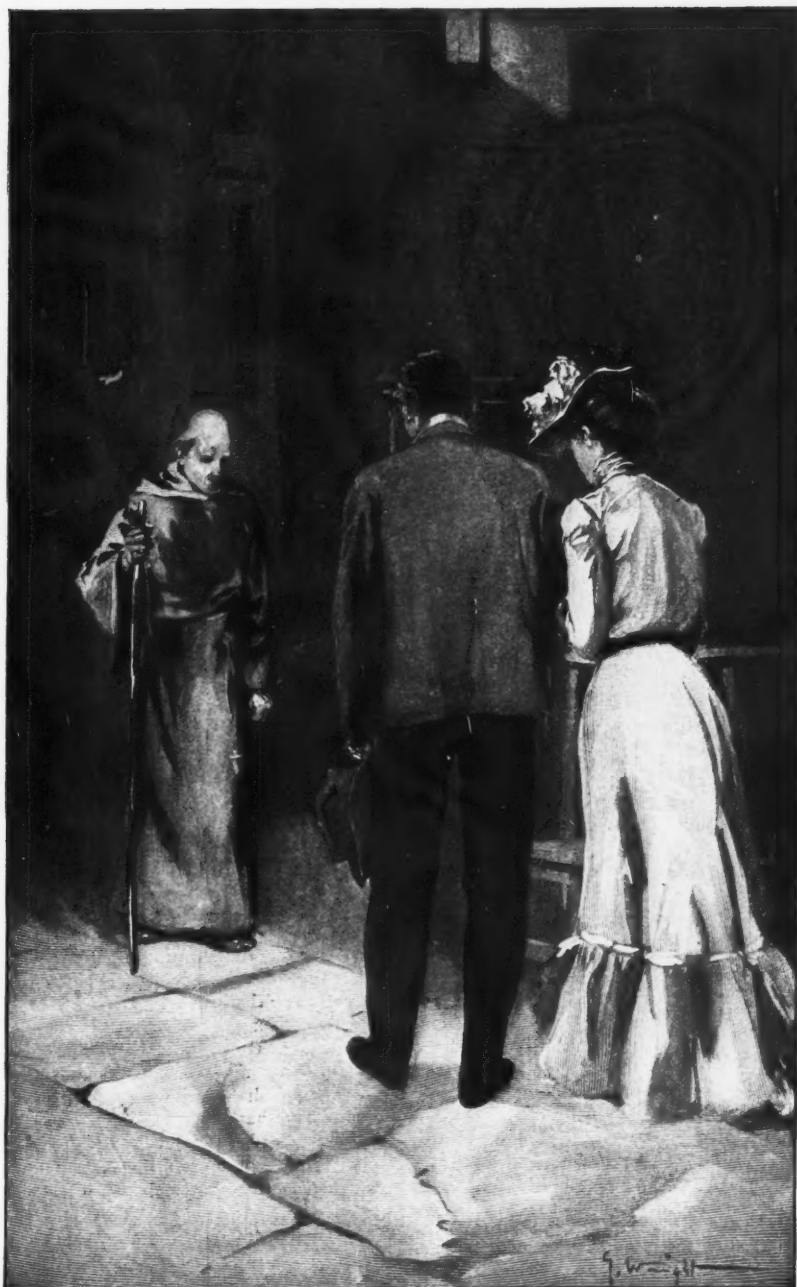
the sunset light across the Plaza he stood on the church steps watching them with a warm friendliness. They could not but smile at his simplicity; but it was simplicity of a sort that tenderly touched their hearts.

Having so greatly enjoyed their afternoon, they decided that their dinner that evening should be regarded as a festival—it being the habit of these young people to make festivals on small provocation and out of scant material, and then to relish them amazingly. The climax of their feast, of course, was the pudding—which Joséfa brought to the table proudly, and in the appreciative eating of which she took as jealous an interest as though she had made it herself. Fortunately, it proved to be a very good pudding, and Laurence had no need to get into compromising relations with the Recording Angel—as he was fully prepared to do—in order to bestow upon it unqualified praise. Helen was so elated by his approval that she was for dancing another saraband; but accepted graciously—because it was a farther and a practical compliment to her cooking—his refusal to take part in that spirited exercise because he was too full.

Therefore, leaving the pudding unsarabanded, they retired to the library—which Laurence persisted in calling the Pullman—and spent a delightful evening in wholly frivolous conversation and in reading aloud a story from one of the magazines. It was rather a dull story; but they found it so charming that Helen wanted to write to the author a letter of thanks. Just then the world was very bright to them and they were not in a critical mood.

IV.

Harstairs was quartered, when he came, with Kelton and Schlemmer on the ground floor; where the three had their own cook and messed together. It was not a very cheerful mess. Kelton, of course, never spoke an unnecessary word; and fat little Schlemmer—whose name fitted him to a nicety—held that the only use of a mouth at meal-times was to receive large quantities of food, and that its only important use at other times was as an indraft to stimulate the combustion of tobacco. After supper Kelton almost instantly went to sleep; and Schlemmer, too full to talk,



Drawn by George Wright.

"HE SEEMED TO BE ONE OF THE GHOSTLY SAINTS STEPPED DOWN FROM OFF AN ALTAR."

presently would be lost to view—or would loom dimly as a spectacled obesity—in the midst of the smoke-cloud which arose from his big china pipe.

When Laurence and Helen chanced to find out what dismal evenings Harstairs was having—a discovery that came through his pathetic request for any sort of reading-matter with which he could fill in the melancholy interval between supper and bedtime—they sacrificed their honey-mooning a little and had him up now and then to spend an hour or two with them. He was so grateful for this goodness, and was so discreet in availing himself of it, that he quite won their hearts. Helen, indeed—who was just turned of twenty, and was three years his junior—developed toward him a motherly sort of affection that tickled Laurence mightily. She would be for adopting Fray Arcadio next, he said.

Sometimes they even permitted him to come with them on their Sunday afternoon walks; a privilege that Laurence did not grant willingly—but in the end conceded because of Helen's dread lest "the boy," as she called him, if left to his own devices through the whole of a long dull day, might in sheer desperation betake himself to the sinful amusements of gambling and cock-fighting. Laurence declared that in order to be logical she ought to take Kelton and Schlemmer out walking on Sunday afternoons too; but to this she responded briskly that they both were old enough to judge for themselves between good and evil, and that it wasn't the same thing at all. And then she added, with a touch of repentance, that she really would look after their moral welfare a little by keeping them supplied with books and magazines.

Laurence took good care that their own stock of reading-matter should be abundant. In supplement to the little library that he had brought with him, he ordered down all the new books that seemed promising, and a shower of periodicals came to them freshly in their daily mail. Even if they were outside of civilization, he said, he did not intend that they should lose track of what was going on in the civilized world.

Helen regarded their daily mail as a luxury; but Laurence—who had a worker's desire to be left to do his work in his own way, and who dreaded interference with his plans on the part of the New York

directors—did not look at it in just that light. He accepted it, however, as a necessity, and for its carriage detailed a steady Mexican to ride back and forth daily between the railway-station and the mine.

Every Saturday one of the outfit rode down with José, the mail-carrier, to fetch the bags of dollars—brought by rail from Zacatecas—for the paying-off of the hands. There was a spice of danger, of course, in this journey; carrying money through a rough country being a fairly good way of making a bid to get shot at. But Boldwin and the others were used to rough countries, and to doing various things which set them up as possible targets; and so they took their chances, and merely were careful to have their Winchesters and revolvers handy and their cartridge-belts full. Indeed, the trip made such an agreeable break in the monotony of their everyday life, and Kelton and Harstairs were so eager for it, that Laurence usually gave his turn to one or the other of them and took for himself, instead, a Saturday half-holiday—that Helen called a quarter-holiday, because it did not begin until he had made his afternoon inspections and ended when the paying-off began.

At first Helen was quite nervous over the warlike preparation made for these expeditions; but as time passed on, and no harm came to anybody, she grew accustomed to them—and even was disposed, when Laurence took his turn and she got up early to see him off, to joke about his resemblance to an arsenal. Naturally, he encouraged this view of the matter; and enlarged it by telling her that he had ordered from the States one of the new make of Gatlings, that was trained to follow like a dog and to go off when its master pulled its tail. By the time that the new road was open to the passage of a buckboard—an acrobatic vehicle capable of going over anything—her mind was so entirely easy that she was almost huffed because he refused to take her along.

Their Saturday afternoon and Sunday walks were a great refreshment to Laurence. Together they extended their explorations of the old houses and the tangled gardens; or studied the carvings and the pictures in the church—where Fray Arcadio and the other old Brothers would come trotting out to hold friendly

talk with them; or scrambled up the Cerro in search of points of view. The plain way up the Cerro was by the road which led past the great spring to the shaft. But after their first walk Helen refused resolutely to follow this road beyond the spring. In the course of that walk she had gone as far as the shaft: into the black depths of which she had given one shuddering look, and then had declared that she never would go near it again. There was something horrible about it, she said, that she could not explain. She only knew that it chilled her heart.

Laurence needed the refreshment which these walks gave him, and the cheer of his midday home-comings, and the soothing of his evenings of happy rest. All along the line of attack—it had seemed to him from the first that the water-logged mine was an armed force with which he was battling—he was pushing forward with a will. Up through the cañon, perfecting his connection with his base of supplies, Har-stairs, his lieutenant, was hurrying on the road-building; and doing it so well, all the preliminary work of location having been disposed of, that very little oversight in that part of the field was required. His own position was at the front, in the immediate presence of the enemy; and he was driving his Mexicans at such a rate that they fairly were aghast at their own accomplishments—disposed at once to curse this devil of an Americano who was getting so much out of them, and to be proud that he was doing it, and to sigh pathetically for a return to the lazy life that God in his mercy had meant them to lead. Laurence himself, remembering his trying experiences in Arizona with a working force of this same timber, was surprised by his success in keeping his men so well up to the collar; and he was strengthened by the assurance which it gave him that he could carry through as he had planned it the first section of his campaign.

What he wanted to do, and he was in a fair way to do it, was to finish all the preliminary clearing away and all the masonry for foundations by the time that the road up the cañon was ready to be used; then he could go straight ahead and bring in his machinery, and get his pump set up and have it working while he went on with setting up his stamps. After that the outlook

was less hopeful. Even in his most sanguine moods he had to admit—as he thought of the vast body of water which filled the lower third of the shaft and all the lower galleries, and which had behind it as an unknown quantity the flow from the spring—that he might have time not only to set up the stamps but to wear them out in working over the problematical heap of tailings before he could pump the mine dry.

The water was his nightmare. It was the one great difficulty with which he had to contend. All the rest of his work was simple and easy; but it all led straight to the struggle that would come when the fight between the pump and the spring began. He knew what the pump could do; and he had made, and a dozen times had verified, his calculations of the spring's discharge. On these bases the pump easily had the victory. But the unknown factor in his calculations was the flow of the spring when the rains should be at their height and all the chambers of the mountain should be full. Then would come the real trial of strength; and then, according to the Job's comforters at Zacatecas, would come the spring's triumph. His mind was haunted by that boding summing-up of the situation: No pump that ever was put together can pump against the Cerro Verde spring in the season of rains!

But a far more irrational feeling beset him in regard to the black water lying hidden, like some evil monster, in the caverns of the mountain and in the depths of the mine. Ever since his first evening in Santa Clara, when the faint echo of its hiss as the stone struck it had come up the shaft like an angry whisper, he had felt that the water was a live thing that hated him and would be glad to do him harm. He was quite aware of the absurdity of this feeling, but he could not shake it off. He would forget it at times—while in the thick of his work, or while he and Helen were having their gay talks together or their walks of delight through the wild beautiful gardens or along the mountain paths—but it always would come back again, as a dull pain might come back, and it always was the same: That the water was his living enemy—waiting down there, sullen, defiant, for the death-grapple that would not loosen until one or the other of them was overcome.

(To be concluded.)

MUNICIPAL MISGOVERNMENT AND CORRUPTION.

A WARNING TO PATRIOTS.

BY FRANK MOSS.

THE misgovernment of New York city is a fact known to the whole world. Its symptoms are extravagance, corruption and oppression. The root of the evil is passion for money and power. The political force which controls the civil administration is not a political party, for it has no principles. It has no patriotic impulses, nor any real desire for the welfare of the people. It is an incarnated appetite for money and dominion. Its leaders use every measure not directly proscribed by the penal code for getting rich and for continuing their rule, and they condone the offenses of their bolder subordinates. Meanwhile the expenses of the city are enormous and are increasing, the rivers of political revenue swell to overflowing, and the leaders are gaining vast wealth—in many cases without having visible legitimate means of support.

At present the administration is the merest pretense of a popular or representative government, the principal officers being openly and avowedly the puppets of the dictator of their organization, dependent upon him for direction and approval even when he is residing in a foreign land.

The progressive degeneracy of New York city's government is particularly notable when we consider the status of other cities.

In Germany, England, Holland, Belgium, Sweden and other European countries, city government is improving rapidly. Councils, boards and officers are constantly of higher character and ability, and the comfort and the welfare of the people are more and more the object of the solicitude and of the efforts of the officials.

In America, on the other hand, the cities are inclined to copy and to follow New York: politico-commercial rings are found in many places; officials and politicians go to New York to study her system of political control and money-making; and great cities, like Philadelphia and Chicago, occasionally improve on her lessons.

The rulers of New York have reduced profitable misgovernment to a science, and have made popular and representative gov-

ernment a mere form and pretense. For piratical reasons they have passed the absolute authority to an unofficial, unsworn and irresponsible despot. They have swelled their legitimate and illegitimate money brooks into immense rivers. By largesses to the lazy and the ignorant, by wise distribution of honors and opportunities among the greedy and the faithless, and by oppression and intimidation of those who would oppose them, they have fastened their rule upon the city. They bleed it and they disgrace it in the eyes of the wondering world. They have extended their teachings, their influence and their alliance so far that there is now an actual and practical bond of sympathy and action between the municipal pirates of all the great cities which have yielded to this degeneracy in democratic government.

Undoubtedly there is no government so dishonest and corrupt as a democracy which continues the forms of popular selection and accountability but which has killed the spirit. That is the government of New York city to-day. It is absolute monarchy. Let us look at some of the phenomena of this government.

The history of Tweed, Connolly and Sweeney, of Barnard, Cardozo and McCunn, and of their period of fraudulent misgovernment, ended in the overwhelming defeat of Tammany Hall. The very name of Tammany Hall became a by-word and a reproach over the earth. But the organization went into a course of "purification"—and in two years was back in power. By 1890 it was apparent that the city administration had become as corrupt as ever.

A carnival of riotously bad government continued down into the disclosures of the Lexow Committee.

While the investigation of that committee was confined to the Police Department, its revelations showed the character of the whole government. They showed that thousands of fraudulent votes were cast in the elections with the connivance and assistance of the police; that the appointments and promotions in the department

were dictated by the political leaders; that the police assisted in collecting political contributions, sometimes from lawbreakers; that policemen were active members of political clubs, and did active electioneering; that appointments to the force and promotions in it were bought—captaincies costing twelve and fifteen thousand dollars; that captains were allowed to recoup these payments by selling protection to criminals; that acts of awful oppression were made effective by the connivance with them of police justices; that policy-shops, brothels and gambling-houses paid regularly for the privilege of doing their unlawful business; that the women of the street paid for permission to walk and solicit; that many kinds of legitimate business had been forced to buy privileges and immunity from annoyance.

A grand jury then sitting made a presentment on the subject, and its foreman said that at least seven million dollars a year was being wrung from the community by police blackmail and extortion. The disclosures of that investigation caused the defeat of Tammany and the election of the late William L. Strong as Mayor.

During his term of office much was done in reorganizing the Police Department, the Street Cleaning Department and other branches of the government, and New York had an administration practically non-partisan. But in 1897, through a division of the anti-Tammany forces, Tammany's ticket was elected. To-day we have to deal in particular with the administration that came into office January 1, 1897. That administration brought back into power the men who were discredited by the Lexow investigation, especially Richard Croker, who had been Tammany's active head and autocrat from 1890. It is the same band that possessed the city prior to Mr. Strong's election.

New York is just going into another election. For three years and more there has been a continuous revelation of inefficient, vicious and corrupt government. The evidence has come from many sources and more than ever before has gone to the very head of civil and political control. The Mazet investigation; the newspapers almost without exception; the Committee of Five; the Committee of Fifteen; the Society for

the Prevention of Crime; the City Vigilance League; the Anti-Policy Society; the investigation of District Attorney Gardiner and his removal by the Governor; the proceedings before Justice Jerome—these have all told a continuous story of general maladministration and corruption.

If the body of the city's people could be depended upon to be moved by the fundamental considerations of right and of patriotic duty, there could be no doubt of the result; but the nation waits with anxiety, knowing that the corrupting methods of Tammany have extended down through the offices to the electorate itself—persuading, buying, forcing and falsely counting votes for its retention in power.

The one circumstance that has helped to abate the terror, though but slightly, is the presence in the office of the District Attorney of an honest man who cannot be intimidated or used by Tammany.

This is the one terrible weakness in the physical armament of Tammany—the loss of the District Attorney; and we understand that they are ready to spend three million dollars to recapture that office.

It will serve a useful purpose to sketch the present city government of New York, in the light of the revelations that have been made. It is the kind of government that is capturing our cities and that spreads with every success.

In the campaign of 1896, Tammany, being out of office and out of money, made an open alliance with the gamblers and dive-keepers. Some of the most notorious of these made large public contributions to its treasury and were put in prominent places on its committees. Word was passed through the sporting fraternity that the election of Mr. Van Wyck would make New York a "wide-open city" for them. They all worked and contributed liberally.

When the Tammany victory was announced on election night, the streets filled at once with ribald and riotous women and men, and scenes were observed that had not been known for years.

Immediately preparations were made for a festival of vice and crime. The red lights were turned up in the East Side tenement district, and the great dives like the Haymarket, in which thousands of our youth are ruined, became brilliantly active.

Concert-halls were licensed and opened, and the villainous "cadets," under the protection of district leaders, began their systematic capture and sale of girls.

Thieves and gamblers came from other cities to pay and participate in the vicious bolero. The rough gangs, the men-at-arms of the leaders, began to take charge of their neighborhoods, and the men with "pulls" in the Police and other Departments began to crowd their honest comrades to the wall. The newspapers with one accord showed the facts and from time to time printed details.

Chief of Police McCullagh, who had been selected by Mayor Strong's Commissioners, was allowed to remain in office by the new Commissioners, who under the law were a bipartisan board. Very soon the representatives of the gamblers tried to "connect" with him, but they failed. They began to open their places. McCullagh promptly closed them. McCullagh consulted with Mr. York, the President of the new Board, and said that if he did his duty he might be retired against his will. Mr. York told him to go ahead and if he should be forced out they would go out together.

The crisis came. Frank Farrell, friend of Commissioner Sexton and of Captain Devery, opened his pool-room. McCullagh sent Officer McConnell to close it. Farrell offered him money, which was refused. He then said the room belonged to the "big fellow," Senator Tim Sullivan, who would "fix him for his freshness." Sullivan called on Sexton. Sexton demanded that McCullagh punish McConnell by transferring him. McCullagh refused. Sexton then moved in the Board that McCullagh be ordered to make the transfer. The motion was lost by the adverse vote of the two Republican members. At once Mayor Van Wyck removed the Republican members of the Board—his first, last and only removal. There were no charges and no hearings. The Mayor then appointed Jacob Hess to one of the vacancies. Hess afterward swore before the Mazet Committee that he took the place knowing what was required of him, because he needed the salary. Within an hour Hess appeared at headquarters—even before the removed Commissioners knew of their dismissals—

and without any notice to McCullagh, a special meeting was held and McCullagh was forcibly retired. Even York voted against him. He said afterward that it was a painful necessity—it was politics. Devery was at once made Chief. His first acts were the transferring of officers who had attacked pool-rooms. McConnell was forced to retire.

Devery was the worst and boldest Captain on the force. He had once been convicted and expelled from the department, but had been reinstated by the courts for errors in his trial. He had been tried on criminal charges, but had escaped conviction. He was the boon companion of gamblers and hard characters.

Almost at once the pool-rooms opened on every hand. One set of them was and is conducted by the Mayor's old friend, Mahoney; another set was organized and managed by Devery's friend, Farrell, who from that time has been looked upon as a pool-room king. Never before was the pool-room business done on so large a scale. The newspapers again and again specified them. There were as many as three hundred running at one time. The Mayor and the Chief of Police and the Sheriff were called to the witness-chair and were warned and interrogated publicly. They did nothing whatever to enforce the law, and for many months this public exposure of large and constant lawbreaking was continued without any official interference with it.

The Tammany Committee of Five then came upon the scene. It raided a big pool-room, caught a prominent city official in it—and was then forced out of existence, declaring that pool-rooms and gambling-houses were running openly and notoriously.

Meanwhile the police authorities and the Mayor have been absolutely inactive, and the public has become perfectly satisfied of the police-gambling alliance. One of the allies of the gamblers, particularly the Mahoney and the Farrell syndicates, was a police officer named Glennon, the confidential friend of Chief Devery. He actively conspired with a man named Whitney to reach some agent of the Society for the Prevention of Crime and to buy information of its plans against pool-rooms. He gave money to Whitney, who

paid a portion of it to Agent Dillon for such information. A code of signals and the telephone addresses of the protected pool-rooms were furnished by Glennon to Whitney and by Whitney to Dillon. Through the faithfulness of Dillon, the society operated this code with the pool-rooms direct and also through Police Headquarters, giving false tips and seeing them work—emptying pool-rooms through Police Headquarters. Then they raided rooms, and arrested Whitney and secured his confession. Whitney's list of protected pool-rooms was published, and those very rooms continued to operate.

The Police Department makes no raids and no arrests by itself, and its Chief just shuts his eyes and says "there are no pool-rooms." The Mayor—he simply does not say anything and does not do anything. Why should he?

The proof concerning protected dives and the awful trade in young girls has continued to accumulate. One of the elements in the Glennon-Whitney conspiracy was the attempt to protect a disorderly house in Thirty-third Street for money furnished by Officer Glennon to Whitney. That has resulted in the indictment of Glennon and two other officers.

Wardman Bissert was convicted of a similar offense. Captain Diamond and others were placed under indictment.

The records of the Police Department from January 1, 1898, to June 15, 1899, examined by the Mazet Committee, show fourteen thousand one hundred and sixty-eight robberies, amounting approximately to \$1,233,517. It was charged and believed that much of the burglary and robbery was done through connivance or wilful neglect in the police force. Many instances left little room for doubt.

Quite frequently officers themselves were accused. Patrolling became very careless and drunkenness increased. The department was demoralized by pull and politics. The transfers of men from precinct to precinct amount to about eight thousand a year—an unprecedented number—and policemen are now swearing that they have to pay money to prevent transfers. If that be true, then of course favorable transfers and promotions must be purchased.

Decent policemen who tell of these facts

are abused, humiliated and dismissed with foul language and brutal conduct by Devery, the actual head of the force.

We may assume fairly that all of the corrupt practices in the Police Department that existed before the Lexow investigation, with the additions of experience and opportunity, are in full force. These include the oppression of the humble; brutal clubbing, of which there are many sickening instances; extortion from stand-keepers, peddlers and cabmen, and from storekeepers and other business men. Wherever the Police Department has a right to inspect and to control, there its exactions are felt.

The Mayor has not attempted to control the Commissioners whom he appointed. He abdicated control in his testimony before the Mazet Committee. Why? Because they are nearly all Tammany district leaders, and were appointed at the selection of Mr. Croker.

The Mayor through his official position obtained a large amount of valuable stock of the American Ice Company, a monopoly which supplied the city departments and controlled the city market, largely through the active aid of the Dock Department. Other officials obtained stock. Who held the stock of the Ramapo Water Company is a secret which still waits exposure.

The Mayor has been absolutely inactive concerning gambling, vice, bad water, bad contracts, neglect of duty, increase of salaries, official extravagance and the many other evils that have appeared.

The Council has outrageously delayed public business, has made political use of its power to grant stand permits, and has jammed through an iniquitous building code, full of jobs and blackmailing powers.

The Board of Public Improvements did its best to foist the Ramapo water steal upon the city.

The Department of Highways is under a standing indictment on file in the Mayor's office and in the office of the Commissioners of Accounts. It appears that over forty contracts for making streets in Bronx Borough were executed in an outrageous manner, notwithstanding continual protests by the Commissioners of Accounts, and were accepted by the Highways Commissioner in such a way as to shut the city off from all defense or rebate.

The Mayor did not remove the Commissioners of Accounts nor did he correct their report, neither did he admonish or try the Commissioner of Highways, or do anything to protect the city.

In many places the streets are outrageously neglected, and bad work is apparent in all parts of the city.

There are other and similar counts against this department. Its head, Mr. Keating, is an intimate friend of Mr. Croker and held real estate for him in his earlier life.

To evade the law for advertising public work, the Department of Street Cleaning is letting out the disposal of street refuse in nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-dollar contracts without public bidding and to political friends. It employs the tugs and scows of politicians, at exorbitant rates, while the splendid boats of the department are kept idle. It has just forced through an exorbitant contract for the disposal of garbage at three times the rate of the previous contract, after stifling competition by queer advertising and technical methods.

The Water Department is inextricably tangled in the Ramapo steal. It pays no attention to the immense leakage from the mains that has been discovered, but urges more contracts and more reservoirs.

The head of the Fire Department is under indictment for collusion with a friend in the purchase of inferior supplies at very high rates. All business with the department had to be done through that friend—Marks—whose commissions amounted to fifty thousand dollars a year. The discipline of the department is being destroyed by the same system of pulls and transfers which is demoralizing the Police Department.

The management of the Building Department has been thoroughly corrupt. The building trade is full of the knowledge of that corruption. We know of a case, which was reported to the Mayor and in which he took no serious action, where a builder's plans were held up simply to extort two thousand dollars, which was definitely demanded as the price of approval. The recent resignation of the Commissioner of Buildings and the Superintendent of Buildings and of a certain inspector followed close upon the unfolding of that case with its possibilities of public and criminal action. The city is full of build-

ing violations, of building inspectors, and of stories of building extortion and bribery.

No more shameful exhibition of incompetence and of injustice was ever made by a department than that which was made by the Tax Department before the Mazet Committee. It is impossible to estimate the amount of damage done to the people by arbitrary and unequal tax valuations imposed upon properties. In one year three hundred and thirty-seven million dollars was added to the assessed valuations in Manhattan and Bronx, and the rates of increase were so unequal that the increases varied from ten to one hundred per cent. on adjoining plots.

The Department of Docks is presided over by Mr. Meyer, the business partner of Mr. Croker; Mr. Murphy, a liquor-dealer, and Mr. Cram, an inoffensive lawyer. Taking advantage of a phrase in the law, it has given out much of its work, amounting to millions of dollars, by emergency orders, with the result that it goes to political friends without public competition.

The proofs on the public investigation of the District Attorney's office showed that its recent administration was distinguished for friendliness to criminals. This was ended by the removal of Mr. Gardiner and the appointment of Mr. Philbin by the Governor.

The judgments against the city, by confession of the Corporation Counsel, in 1900 amounted to nearly two million dollars. Most of these were represented by lawyers friendly to the organization.

Space fails to go through the many departments and even to sketch their delinquencies.

The general spirit and purpose of the administration may be understood best by the testimony of its sponsor, its master, Mr. Croker, before the Mazet Committee.

He freely admitted that he controlled Tammany, that its nominations were equivalent to election.

He admitted laying assessments on judicial and other candidates. He said that he expected that all officials would recognize the organization in appointments and patronage. He admitted that he was a silent partner in a real-estate auction business and in a bonding company. He said that good party service required the officials

to send their business to his concerns. It appeared that all public officers having auction sales employed his firm and took their bonds from his company.

In this connection he said: "To the victor belong the spoils;" "I want to make a living;" "I am working for my pocket all the time;" "That [the patronage] is a part of my profit;" "We want the whole business if we can get it." He said that all commissioners, referees, et cetera appointed by the judges should be members of Tammany. He admitted that he had obtained stock in various concerns that were subject to the inspection or control of departments of city government, but how he would not state.

Companies that took him or his sons in, as the Roebbling Fireproofing Company did, had smooth sailing through the city boards, while rival companies were not permitted to do business.

It is a fair assumption that Mr. Croker's political subordinates are also trying "to make a living," and as the Mayor doesn't watch them they have an easy time.

Rumors are rife that the wrecking of the Third Avenue Railroad was due to political exactions for necessary governmental permits and to extortion by political contractors whom it was forced to employ. It is currently believed that monopolies of privileges in the streets are maintained by heavy political contributions. Testimony has been given that certain kinds of contract work must be given to certain political firms, such as Naughton & Company and the J. P. Kane Company, in order to secure necessary permits. The architectural firm of Horgan & Slattery receives all city work that can be deemed to come into an architect's domain.

The friendship of Mr. Croker and of Mr. Carroll obviously is the main stock in trade of these firms.

The contracts of the city are almost all under the same conditions. Business men do not compete. The bidders are almost always within a certain set. Contracts have been examined and the prices in many cases have been below the possibility of doing the work honestly. These matters are taken care of on the inspection—as in the case of the Bronx streets, where the Commissioners of Accounts said, "Our

observations indicate that the inspectors of the department are acting for the contractors rather than for the city."

Wherever human ingenuity can devise a method of extracting money that will not directly offend the penal code, or that will involve only underlings and menials in criminal prosecutions, that method is followed; and the official and political conspirators are amassing immense fortunes.

There are absolutely no records or information on business matters in the city offices, and such matters are not studied by the officials.

To-day the city is staggering under the direct load of taxation and bond issues; it is bleeding at every pore from the indirect exactions. Real-estate business is at a standstill and rents and living are yearly becoming more exorbitant.

It was supposed that the tax budget of the consolidated city would reach sixty million dollars—in London and Paris it is about sixty-five million dollars—but it has gone to ninety-eight million dollars, and the Commissioners are clamoring for more. Bond issues and the collection of fees, rents, et cetera bring the total annual expenditure to the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty million dollars.

Just how much it is, and just how many employees there are, and just how much their wages amount to, no city official can tell. Repeated efforts to get these facts have failed. We suppose that we have about fifty thousand employees and that their wages approximate fifty million dollars. We know that the salaries are being increased.

With the awful expenditure, we have a most indifferent public service that gets worse constantly, and there are no adequate public improvements, because the people have not yet realized that the indirect peculations and the extravagance of their officials are a drain directly upon their own pockets.

The spoils system works so well in New York that it is being copied and extended to other cities, and democratic government is passing away from them, while conscience everywhere is being debauched and broken down.

Here is the danger-spot—here is the problem for American patriots.



WRESTLERS AT A "FÊTE FORAINE."

FRENCH COUNTRY FÊTES.

By E. C. PEIXOTTO.

Illustrated by the author.

ASIDE from the excitement of the weekly market-day, the monthly foire and the quiet of his Sunday spent in the café, the only distraction of a French countryman is the annual fête of his village or like festivities at the towns surrounding it. Every little community in France, no matter how small, indulges in at least one fête a year—a festival occurring on the anniversary of its patron saint. These fêtes are very simple affairs. At about noon the peasants gather in front of the café and there greet their neighbors who drive in from the surrounding country in every description of vehicle, dressed in

new crackly blue blouses and fresh white bonnets. The horses and donkeys are unhitched and put in the stables, where they begin to munch the bale of hay that has been brought from home under the wagon-seat.

Opposite the café a few booths have been erected where trinkets and knickknacks are sold for a cent or two; where a wandering Bohemian tells fortunes; where at a shooting-gallery the huntsmen who spend days in roaming the hillsides in hopes of killing a stray rabbit can display their prowess at five paces with badly sighted firearms. The men gather in the café and

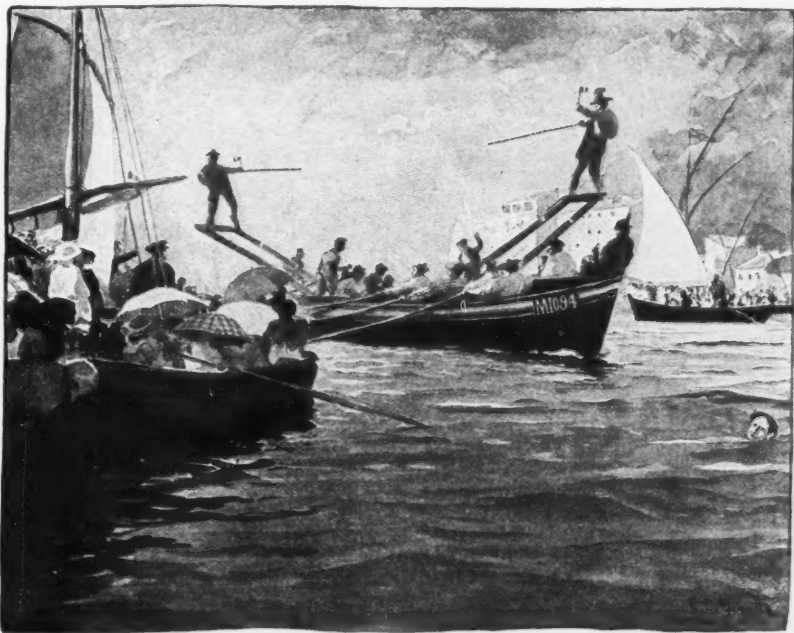
tell stories over their *petit bleu*; the older women gossip in the street in groups, the younger ones laugh and make eyes at the young fellows; there is a bit of a dance in the evening and a ride home in the moonlight.

In larger communities more preparation is made:

The approach of a fête-day is heralded by the rehearsals of the local brass band, an awful ordeal for the stranger in town, but a distinct pleasure to the inhabitant. Under the wide-spreading chestnut-trees

who have honored his town with their presence.

Then the crowd slowly takes its way up the hill to where the blaring notes of a barrel-organ proclaim the presence of a merry-go-round. The soldiers from the fort come down and join their bright uniforms with the gay dresses of the girls. The big dragoons, booted and spurred—their faces half hidden under gleaming helmets and long horsehair plumes—bestride the little wooden horses, their immense sabers clanking along the ground as



"LA JOUTE."

in front of the church a long table is set up. The entrance to each street leading out of the town square is flanked with tricolored poles, flag-bedecked, having between them festoons of colored lights—red, white and blue. In the morning there is a procession. The village band, the firemen in shining brass helmets, the school-children in their best clothes, admired by devoted parents, slowly march through the town. At noon a cold lunch is served under the big trees, the mayor presiding and welcoming the neighbors

they merrily whirl around. Others amuse themselves by throwing balls at funny little wooden dolls or shooting at clay pipes and eggshells bobbing up and down on a jet of water. Others, again, buy trinkets and favors for their sweethearts—cakes and candies of most poisonous color, chenille monkeys and gaudy looking-glasses and pin-cushions.

Then the games for the children begin. Among races of all descriptions, there is one curious obstacle race, whose final is thus arranged: two bottomless barrels

dangle horizontally in mid-air on the end of long ropes, thus forming a deep swinging hoop. The racers run but two at a time, and at the end of the run must go through the barrel. Of course, as soon as they jump into it, the barrel sways violently backward and forward, and the imprisoned runner must wait for a favorable opportunity to be spilled out, landing all in a heap only to pick himself up again and gain the goal as speedily as possible.

Down along the coast the boys delight in aquatic sports. Here is one for instance: A young suckling-pig is thrown into the water, and a whole troop of youngsters dive in to catch him. Not so easy a matter as might be imagined, for the little quadruped makes tracks, and it is some time before the fortunate victor overtakes it and carries it squealing home.

Then, again, on a favorable jut of rock, where there is a good deep pool beneath, a long pole is fastened, projecting horizontally far out over the water and greased until its rounded surface is as slippery as an eel. The mayor, in his boat, plants a flag in a socket at the far end, and the boys, one by one, try to walk the pole, their bare feet clinging desperately to the treacherous surface. One by one they fall in the attempt, until a bright urchin, through repeated efforts, finally reaches the end, bends down and wrests the flag from its socket and then falls sprawling into the water amid the cheers of the onlookers.

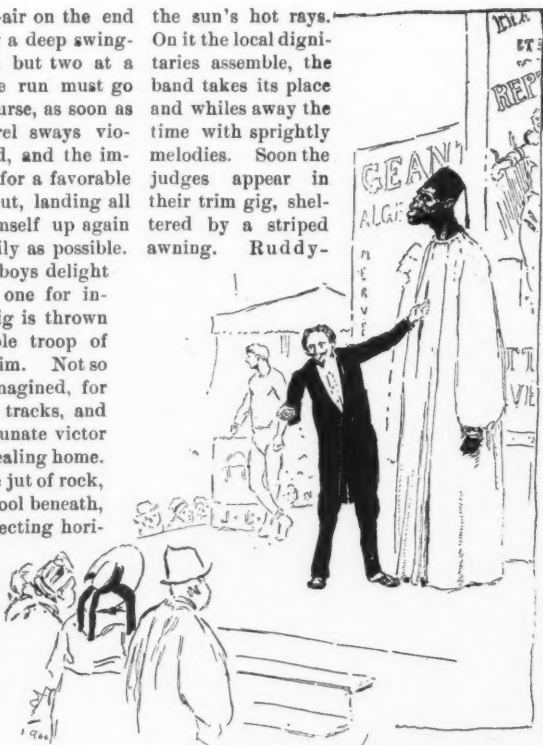
There is one game they play down on the Mediterranean coast which really takes on the dignity of a medieval tournament.

It is called "la joute"—the joust. Each town has its renowned jouteurs, usually recruited among the fishermen, men who have practised the game since they were children. The joute takes place on an open sheet of water where there is not too much current.

The spectators begin to assemble in their clumsy boats and greet each other with loud halloos. One great deep-sea fishing-boat is rigged as a grand-stand, with a huge lugger-sail arranged as a shield against

the sun's hot rays.

On it the local dignitaries assemble, the band takes its place and whiles away the time with sprightly melodies. Soon the judges appear in their trim gig, sheltered by a striped awning. Ruddy-



THE ALGERIAN GIANT—A POPULAR HOAX.

faced and weather-beaten and experienced tars they are: the captain of the port, a patron pêcheur and one of the wholesale fish-merchants.

The excitement is swelling in a long crescendo. The fresh salt breeze flaps the flags at the mastheads and ruffles the water into tiny white-caps. Over by the grand-stand, in view of the judges, the jouteurs are drawing their opponents by lot.

And now are seen the two opposing boats.

Two tartanes de pêche have been dismantled of their sails and rigging. A broad red-and-white stripe runs the length of one hull, and a broad blue-and-white stripe runs the length of the other. In the stern two heavy posts have been securely fastened, supporting a small platform raised high above the water. In the bow of each boat sits a drummer, a feather in his hat—his drumsticks ready. Each craft is



A PARIS FÊTE.

manned by a coxswain and eight sturdy oarsmen—eight big fishermen—accustomed to pull a strong and steady stroke against wind and weather, blue caps upon their heads and kerchiefs knotted round their temples like buccaneers of old—their white shirt-sleeves rolled up to show their brawny arms and muscular hands. In the stern

of each boat sits a little group of *jouteurs*.

At a signal from the judges, the two boats row off in opposite directions until there is a space of perhaps two hundred yards between them. Another signal and they face about.

A *jouteur* climbs upon the platform in the stern of each boat. Dressed in white,

with a gay sash around the waist, wearing upon his head either a dark-blue sailor-cap or a bonnet gaudily embroidered with tinsel and trimmed with a plume, each man is protected by a long white wooden shield, crossed with chevrons of red or blue. This shield is suspended about the neck and covers the whole body down to the knees. Each contestant is now handed a long lance striped to match his shield.

A hush comes over the expectant crowd.

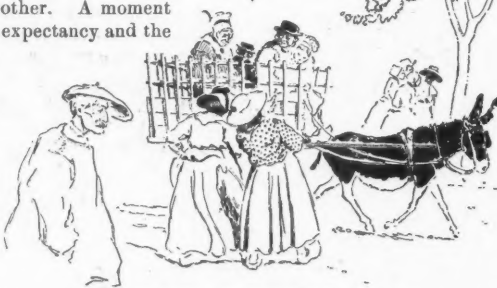
The drums beat, the rowers bend low to their oars—the prows of the boats cut deep through the water, the *jouteurs* brace themselves and gain the necessary balance. In his left hand, extended at arm's length, each carries a tiny French flag, and these flags as the boats pass should touch each other. *Un, deux! un, deux!*—the oarmen throw their full strength into the swinging stroke, the coxswains carefully steer their heavy craft toward each other. A moment of breathless expectancy and the two lances splinter on the wooden shields, while one champion, losing his balance, falls with a mighty splash into the foam-flecked water amid the onlookers' mirth!

Once in the sea his part in the contest is finished, but his opponent faces about to meet the next foe. Three times he must down his enemy, and then he awaits his trial in the finals. The endurance and dexterity shown by some of the men are extraordinary. I saw two *jouteurs*, their bare toes clutching the edge of the little platform on which they stood, meet each other seven consecutive times in the terrific shock of the passing boats and neither yield his place. The finals especially are hotly contested, and at the end the victor, standing on his lofty platform, is rowed in triumph among the cheering onlookers while the band plays "*La Marseillaise*." This contest, as may be conceived, is attended with more or less danger, and some *jouteurs* have lost their

lives from the internal injury caused by the repeated shocks they have received.

The boys also play the same game on a smaller scale throughout—smaller boats, lower platforms and less momentum. In Marseilles one day I saw two ragged urchins practising on little wagons which their comrades pulled toward each other. As I passed them, the little fellows were starting in on a free fight because one of the contestants had suddenly bent forward just at the point of contact, thus giving himself an added momentum—a trick not allowed in the *joute*.

On the Sunday of Pentecost I saw a strange fête in the Tarn country—a queer mixture of business and pleasure. It seems that it is the custom to hire servants for the year on St. Michel, and on Pentecost the contracts are agreed upon. At this fête the crowd gathered in a wide country road. Every one was in Sunday clothes, so the difference between master and man was hardly apparent. However, all those men



ON THE ROAD TO A COUNTRY FÊTE.

and women who wished to go into service or wanted to change masters proclaimed that fact by wearing a red rose pinned on the lapel of the coat or on the front of the corsage. There were not only house-servants, but shepherds, drivers—in fact, all kinds of farm-hands.

In a big barn near by, a wheezy band was jiggling a jerky polka and the young people were enjoying a turn. Between the dances long discussions were held, hard bargains driven with much gesticulation and minute discussion of detail, and the arrangement for a whole year's service cemented by a hearty shake of the hand—no other contract. It was certainly the most primitive employment bureau I had seen.

The evening of the fête-day is usually devoted to dancing. The young people

gather in a flimsy, barn-like pavilion, lighted with smoky gasoline lanterns and decorated with banners, flags and strips of bunting. A violin, a flute, two horns and a drum are the usual orchestra. A sort of polka is fast crowding out the older and prettier dances, but in less progressive communities one still sees the old quadrille—the cavalier handing his lady to the center with a variety of fancy steps, then executing his *pas seul*, and finally kicking over his partner's head—not vulgarly, but in pure exuberance of spirits. But, as I say, the contradances are fast disappearing, along with the quaint coifs and old-time bodices.

Far prettier is the picture when the dancing can take place in the open air, as it does when the summer climate can be relied upon. I shall never forget one dance on

Trinity Sunday in an old town near Albi. This ancient city, walled and moated, is perched high upon a hill overlooking a noble sweep of valley land and plateau. Its cours, or promenade, is planted with rows of magnificent chestnut-trees, whose leaves form a canopy which almost shuts out the twinkling stars. Lanterns and little oil-lamps of varied colors, suspended in the branches, cast a fitful light

on the tree-trunks. An impromptu café was erected in the city wall adjoining the stand for the musicians. At dusk the peasants began to assemble. The old people seated themselves on the deep stone benches overlooking the valley; the youths and maidens walked about, laughing and talking. Soon the musicians came out from a neighboring café and, as is the

custom, started to make a circuit of the town to announce that the "ball" was to begin. They soon were swallowed up in one of the city gates, and I could hear the strains of their gay march dying away farther and farther in the distance.

A long pause, and then a crescendo as they came around the other side of the town, and soon they burst forth from the *Porte des Houx* with all the swing that music



THE FIRES OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

can impart to marching feet. First a boy or two running ahead to cry, "Here they come"; then a couple of exuberant youths, kicking their heels high in air and waving their arms like madmen; following them the musicians, blowing themselves red in the face, shadowed by the folds of a flapping French flag.

All about them and behind them tripped a gay throng of bubbling young people—

skipping, jumping, singing and laughing as they were carried along by the lively notes. On reaching the cours, the music struck up a dance, and away whirled the young couples in light and shadow under the dreamy light of the twinkling lanterns—light-heartedly dancing under the frowning walls of the Porte de la Jeanne, whose battlements had seen much grimmer sights when plucky Jeanne, according to the legend, single-handed, put to flight the besiegers of the native town by pouring boiling water on their heads!

In Brittany, on the fête of St. John the Baptist, the peasants light fires all along the headlands—les feux St. Jean, they call them. On the lonely, rugged cliffs, these great torch-like blazes light up the black night and reveal the peasant girls in sabots and coifs and velvet-trimmed bodices, dancing hand in hand with young fellows dressed in short coats, tight little trousers and hats with rolling brims from which dangle long black ribbons.

In the larger provincial towns, the fêtes take on more of the showman character. Traveling shows of all descriptions wander through France throughout the summer months, arranging their itinerary so as to arrive in the different cities at the festival period. These fêtes usually last a week.

There are several merry-go-rounds whose blaring organs make night hideous; there is a menagerie of tame lions and spiritless tigers; a circus where a piebald horse lopes around the ring while an aged equestrienne pirouettes on his ample saddle; a theater where crushed actors in tarnished and faded costumes rant their scenes of love and murder; freaks, wonders and horrors in close proximity—every conceivable kind of booth to wrest the sou from the gullible peasant. And it is marvelous how gullible the public is; one wonders to see them gaze open-mouthed at an "Algerian giant" with a black papier-mâché head stuck on the end of a pole and carried by the man inside, whose little blackened hand hangs out of the white sleeve far down toward the feet of the figure.

Paris itself has many of these fêtes foraines. Each of her exterior quarters has its yearly local fête, and a regular colony of traveling Bohemians live on the festivals and cart their shows from avenue to boulevard. The merry-go-rounds, or manèges, as they now are called, have grown to the most extraordinary size. The huge circling platform, with its quadruple rows of life-size animals, is covered by an enormous roofing—frescoed, gilded, decorated with statues and bits of mirrors which flash back the sunlight. The gay throng, young and old alike, bestride pigs which bob up and down as they circle around or huge cows swaying backward and forward, or, pallid, are given all the doubtful joys of seasickness in ships which roll and pitch and flap their sails, while great steam sirens rend the air with their shrieks. Huge organs, decorated with automata who beat time to the music, blare their catchy melodies and drown each other's notes, so compactly are they crowded. Balloons, arranged like miniature Ferris wheels, float up and down in the air. Montagnes russes whirl the breathless crowds up and down their steep inclines—a favorite pastime this, since the Franco-Russian alliance.

At night all is brilliantly illuminated with electric lights. The crowd is tightly packed, and pushes its way from attraction to attraction: from the renowned lions and tigers of Pezon, known to all Paris of the exterior boulevards, to the latest novelty of posing females and dancing Algerians—Algerians from Montmartre for the most part. All sorts of side-shows clamor for patronage—bells are rung, drums are beaten, hand-organs ground and cornets and trombones blow their brassy notes, while a wrestler challenges the crowd in combat or a showman descants on the marvels of his show: the beauty of the dancers, the horror of the dead man found in the sewers, the strangeness of the three-legged girl, the humor of his Punch and Judy. The crowd floats from one to another—good-humored, amused and content to spend its time and money till midnight.

ON LES BAPTISE A LA MINUTE



GINGERBREAD PIGS.



SEÑORA BEL GADO.
(See page 281.)

Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.



